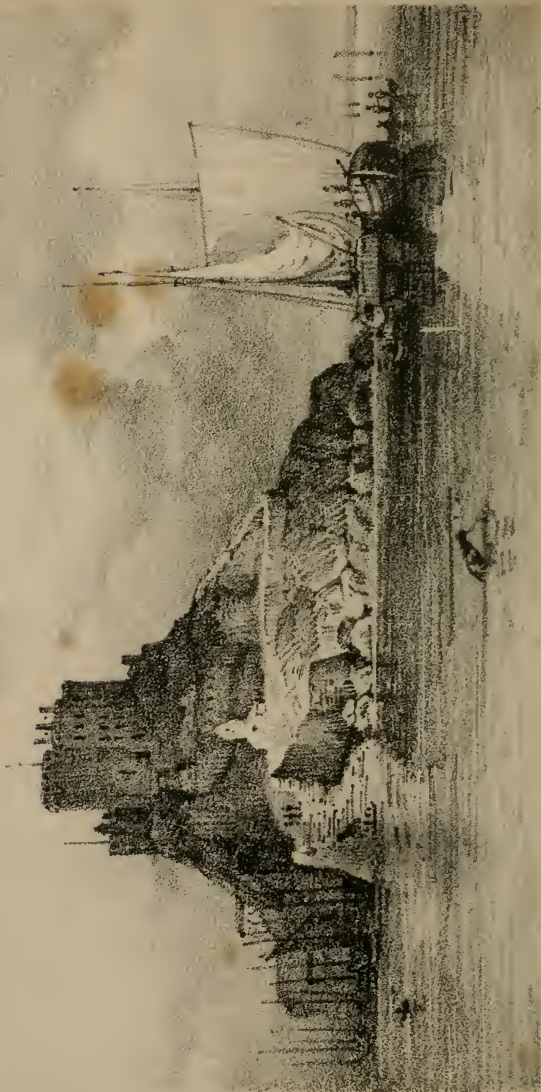


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THE FORTRESS,

AN

HISTORICAL TALE

OF

THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY,

FROM RECORDS OF THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

"What's he that wishes for more men from England?
"My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin,
"If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
"To do our country loss; and if to live,
"The fewer men, the greater share of honor.

- - - - -
"No, 'faith, my Lord, wish not a man from England,
"God's peace, I would not lose so great an honor,
"As one man more, methinks, would share from me
"For the best hopes I have. Don't wish one more:
"Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
"That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
"Let him depart."

SHAKSPEARE.

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL I.

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LONDON:

EDWARD BULL, HOLLES STREET, CAVENDISH SQ

1840



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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

VISCOUNT BERESFORD, G. C. B.,

*Governor of the Channel Islands, &c. &c.*

MY LORD,

Convinced that to the brave, the record of deeds of valour, to whatever age, clime, or class those deeds belong, is never devoid of interest, I venture to dedicate these volumes to your Lordship. And to whom could they with more propriety be addressed than to a General whose personal bravery has wreathed his brow with laurels, and whose military

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Jan 25 Jan 26  
Mortlake 1330

skill and talents have won universal admiration, displayed as they were, in the comparatively high state of discipline to which the Portuguese troops were brought under his Generalship, during the critical warfare of the Peninsula ? And also, to whom could they more appropriately be addressed than to your Lordship, —as the distinguished Governor of the Island of Jersey ? An Island, whose early romantic, and almost chivalrous history, I have, I fear, inadequately, attempted to trace in these pages, drawing upon imagination to fill up the many wide chasms which occur in the narrations of the Ancient Chroniclers.

Once more, my Lord, permit me to return my thanks for the kind and flattering manner with which your Lordship has

received the dedication of these unpretending volumes, they could not possibly make their appearance under more favorable auspices than they now do, honored as they are by your Lordship's patronage.

I remain, My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Obliged Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

LONDON,

*Oct.* 1840.



## INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

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ALL that now remains to England of her once rich Norman possessions, is, a cluster of small Islands, situated in La Manche, anglicised, the British Channel, Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, Sark, Herm and Gethou, now known by the name of the Channel Islands: the following narrative being a detail of Historical events which took place in the first named of these Islands, during the civil wars between the

Houses of York and Lancaster, we shall limit ourselves to a brief relation of its particular history.

The Island of Jersey, or Cæsarea as it was anciently called, is situated in the Bay of St. Michael, between the Cape de-la-Hague, and the Cape Forchelles, the former in Normandy, the latter in Brittany ; these two promontories are distinctly visible from the shore on a clear day ; the Coast of Normandy indeed, is so near, that the Houses and Cathedral at Coutance are discernible through a telescope ; and at times, even with the unassisted eye. Tradition states, that the Isle of Cæsarea was united to the main land by a narrow isthmus, which the encroachments of the Atlantic gradually cut off,\* and that it was

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\* A Monk in the description of the Monastery of St. Michæl in Normandy, says, that below Avranches towards Brittany, was the Forest of Cuokeland, wherein Deer once gambolled, but where Fish then swam ; he states, the encroachments of the Sea to have taken place during the reign of Childebert.



uninhabited, until it chanced that on some occasion or another, Julius Cæsar passing through Contance, heard speak of a neighbouring Island, which contained rich pasturage and luxuriant woods, and was divided from the Continent, but by a very narrow arm of the Sea. The mighty Conqueror resolved on exploring it, and being delighted with the fertility, and romantic beauty of the place, named it Cæsarea,—divided it into twelve equal portions, and chose out twelve of his followers, who, with their families, he appointed to inhabit and cultivate the portion allotted to each, which, according to the “*Livre noir, de Coutance*,” they did; and the Island thus, in due time, became populated.

The modern name of Gearsey or Jersey, is but a corruption of that of Cæsarea. Little is known of the settlers, till the reign of Louis Le Pieux, when the Nor-

mans, whose very name spread terror, began to exercise their piracies on the Eastern Coast of France, burning and destroying every thing before them, and shedding torrents of human blood; their courage augmenting with their numbers, they made excursions into the interior of the Kingdom, their light boats enabling them to ascend and descend the rivers, and thus to carry ruin and desolation into the very heart of the Country, almost unparalleled in the annals of history; in short, such was the terror in which they were held, that when the Litany was read in the Churches, the Priests added, after the words "plague and famine" "And from the Normans, good Lord deliver us." The Channel Islands were, for a long time, exposed to the excursions of these Barbarians,\* and Jersey, owing to its imme-

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\* En plusors lieux part la ruïne  
Ke firent la gent Sarrazine,

diate vicinity to the Continent, and its early conversion to Christianity, was doomed to be more especially the theatre of their tragical acts of cruelty and fury. The hapless Islanders were consequently condemned to an existence of never ceasing apprehension; for, their ferocious enemies, swept the very shores of their ill fated Island, in their frequent disembarkations on Coutance, Cherbourg, and many minor towns of Basse Normandie; never failing to land, and leave frightful traces of their cruelty; one imperishable memorial of which they transmitted to posterity, by putting to death a holy man named Helelius, who was celebrated for the piety and austerity of his life. He had, with much toil and labor, cut out a cell on a steep rugged rock, which, at high tide, formed

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En Auremen, en Guernesî,  
En Saire, en Erin, en Gersi.

Wace

V, 422, et seq.

an Island ; and there, engaged in acts of unceasing devotion and benevolence, his food, herbs, his drink, the limpid stream, he lived apart from the world, feared and revered by his fellow men. This holy man was looked upon as a martyr, and Canonized, as may be seen by the calender of the church of Coutance. The town, or hamlet it might then be called, was named after him, St. Helerius, and still retains the name of St. Heliers. This event rendered the Island of some celebrity ; more particularly, as a Norman Lord, a descendant of one of the Barbarians who had stoned the Saint to death, caused an Abbey to be erected on the spot where he suffered martyrdom, and named it “ L’Abbaye de St. Hélier.” Time, that great destroyer of all things, has left no other trace of this holy retreat than the stony couch and rocky dwelling of the Anchorite ; which, having been respected

by the master hand, could not be despoiled by that of man : and the hermit's cell is still pointed out as an object of curiosity. Within a stone's throw of it, and where the Abbey walls once stood, the strong fortress called Elizabeth Castle, built during the reign of the maiden Queen, now rears its proud defences.

The incursions of the Normans continued for seventy-five years, until Rolla, their great Chief, became peaceful possessor of Normandy and Neustrie, which Charles le Simple ceded to him. Finding it impossible to drive back, or even resist the Barbarians, the French Monarch entered into a treaty with their great Chief, to whom he gave his daughter Gilla in marriage, on his consenting to embrace Christianity; his companions and soldiers were also baptized. \*Rolla was a great

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\* See an able work by Jonathan Duncan, Esq. B.A., entitled *Memoirs of the Dukes of Normandy*.

Prince, his love of justice, and the wise laws he framed, soon established discipline and tranquillity in the distracted provinces over which he was called to govern. Under his reign, and that of the six Dukes, his successors, the Channel Islands enjoyed a long interval of tranquillity. When William, their second Duke of that name, and subsequently styled the Conqueror, made the conquest of England, they became, and have ever since continued, tributary to the Crown of Great Britain ; for though Robert, his eldest son, possessed them, together with Normandy, it was but for a very short period. Henry the First lost no time in dispossessing him of the inheritance, and annexed it once more to the English Crown.\*

During this period, the Islanders and

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\* Until about the year 1502, they continued under the Bishop of Coutance, when, by a Bull of Pope Alexander the Sixth, they were transferred to the Diocese of Winchester.

the Normans were united in the closest bands of consanguinity and amity, their laws, manners, and interests, civil as well as religious, were the same ; many families residing in Jersey had large possessions in Normandy, and vice-versa. But all these bands were burst asunder in the reign of the cruel and weak-minded John ; till, by degrees, the Normans and the Islanders became scarcely less bitter enemies than they had been previous to the civilization of the former. That John—England's worst and weakest of Kings—disputed the Crown with his Nephew, Arthur of Brittany, and finally put him to death—that Philip Augustus accused the unnatural Uncle of the murder, and as his vassal by the fiefs which he held from the Crown of France, cited him before his Parliament, and on his refusing to appear, condemned him as a criminal, and declared his possessions in Normandy forfeited ;

and that John being utterly incapable of making a defence, was compelled to see these fine provinces pass from his hands, are facts too generally known to need recording here. We merely wish to observe, that the French having, in consequence of these events, seized upon Normandy, made two successive attacks upon the Channel Islands; and were repulsed by the brave Inhabitants. The English Monarch consequently, began to look upon these little territories, as the *debris* of the great shipwreck which might, some day assist him to regain his rights over the Duchy, and resolved to retain them, at however great a price.

With this intent, he more than once visited Jersey, fortified it, and put the Castles, which had become nearly defenceless, into a state of complete repair. With regard to its internal policy, he ordered, that matters which were formerly



referred to the Court of Exchequer of the Duchy of Normandy, should be submitted to the Council of England ; and those of minor importance, decided amongst themselves, by means of a “ Cour Royale ” which he established, and appointed to be held at Mount Orgueil Castle, which was also to be the residence of the Captain or Governor, as well as the seat of legislation. He next issued a proclamation, ordering that the Seigneurs who were then residing on their fiefs in Normandy, should return instantly to those they left in Jersey, and declare their allegiance to England ; or in default thereof, forfeit their Island property, and be treated as rebels. Most of the Seigneurs who had large possessions in Normandy, finding that confiscation awaited them on one side or other, adopt which they would, for the most part chose that which would be attended with most profit to themselves, and thus adhered to

France. Richard De Carteret, the Seigneur of St. Ouen, was an honorable exception; placing his loyalty above all views of private interest, he composedly saw his Seigneuries of Carteret and Angeville, his ancient patrimony in Normandy, pass from his family; and quietly settled down upon his comparatively small fief in the Island of Jersey, but though thus shorn of full two thirds of his wealth, the Seigneur's importance and dignity seemed rather to gain encrease by this act of loyalty to the English Monarch, than to suffer diminution, John bestowed on him many of the minor forfeited fiefs, and nominated him Captain or Governor of the Island. This ancient house has since, as will be seen in the following narrative, distinguished itself by bravery, and the services it has rendered to England, in defending the Island from the attacks of the French; and has thus inscribed its name on the pages of Chivalry. "No less than seven of them," says the

Chronicler, "were Knighted in one day." The same Chronicler observes that in 1327, Edward the Third sent over certain Commissioners to the Island of Jersey, to enquire into the Revenues and Domains belonging to the Crown in the said Island, upon which, twelve respectable men were sworn in, in each parish,\* to furnish a report of all matters belonging to it. The said Commissioners had their reports registered in a book which was called, "*L'Etente de l'Isle de Gersey*," by a reference to which it appears, that one, Richard de Carteret was the Lord and Proprietor of the Manor of St. Ouen, which he held *en chef*, and had held, he and his ancestors before him, *en chef et par hommage*, to their gracious Sovereigns of England, and the Dukes of Normandy before them, from time immemorial. The

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\* Hence the origin of Douzainiers, petty Constables, who still retain the name.

said Seigneur de St. Ouen, for the tenure of his fief Haubert, (tenure by Knight's service) *owes suite de cour, et neuf lb de relief*, and, in time of war, is obliged to serve the King in his Castle of Mount Orgueil, and at his own expense, to furnish men, horses, and arms, for the space of forty days." It moreover states, "that the *vilinage*, or tenants, residing on the said estate, owe homage to the said Seigneur, by virtue of his fief Haubert. That the said Seigneur has power to condemn to death, and in cases of capital offences, the criminal must undergo the sentence of the law on the said fief, and his property become forfeited to the said Seigneur."

*Le livre de l'Etente* also makes mention of two other Seigneuries or feifs, held *en chef*, that of *Trinite\* et Roxel*. There were also Seigneuries *et mesnes* of minor

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\* Sir B. Symonds, Supervisor of the Navy, is now possessor of the ancient Manor of Trinite, in right of his present amiable Lady, whom he married about six years ago.

importance which had *cours d'usage* of their own, and owed service to the King according to their tenures, which were not like those above named, tenures by "Knight's service," with the exception of that of *Melèche*, bestowed on one Thomas Le Hardi, by Henry the Fourth, who, when Earl of Hereford, and banished from England, by Richard the Second, took refuge in Jersey, and was secreted in the house of the said Thomas Le Hardi, by whose means he afterwards reached Normandy. As a reward for this service, and his well proved bravery, Henry, on gaining the throne, bestowed on him the dignity of Knighthood, and the Seigneurie of Melèche.\*

From this period, the prosperity and importance of the Island gradually increased. The nomination of Douzainiers

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\* A handsome monument recording this event is still to be seen in the North aisle of Westminster Abbey.

or petty Constables, in each parish, greatly tended to establish good order and regularity, where *might* had before, too often, stood before *right*.

History has made but little mention of the Channel Islands ; few Historians indeed, save Clarendon, who makes frequent and honorable mention of his friend, De Carteret, with whom he was on close terms of intimacy, during his sojourn in the Island with Charles the Second,—bestowing more than a passing observation on the inhabitants, though they have, from generation to generation, given many bright and striking instances of bravery and high spiritedness. That they have deserved well of England cannot be denied, so courageously have they defended their shores from French invasion, and maintained their allegiance to the British Crown. John, in token of his royal approbation and gratitude, granted the

Charter, which has confirmed them in all their ancient usages, laws, and customs ; bestowing on them all the privileges of British subjects, with an exemption from taxation. The importance of the possession of these Islands seems to have been appreciated, even in the middle ages, by more than one English Sovereign. Henry the Fifth, in his successful wars against France, must have been fully sensible of their advantageous situation, for, according to the same Chronicler, he twice visited the Isle of Jersey, and constituted it one of his principal magazines of war. He embellished and considerably added to the fortifications of the Fortress of Mount Orgueil, which, impregnable by nature, scarcely seemed to require the auxiliary of art. This noble yet rude structure, which still rears its proud head in frowning scorn, high above the neighbouring shores of France, which it seems to menace, is



said to have been commenced by Julius Cæsar ; it is built on a sort of promontory, joined to the land by a narrow isthmus, and is thus caved on three sides by the waters of the Atlantic—the fourth, facing, yet towering some hundred feet above the land. Its base is a solid mound of rock, which would defy and mock at the puny efforts of man to undermine ; the ramparts, posterns, and bastions, were of prodigious strength, being constructed of solid masses of granite, such as are only to be seen in structures of by-gone ages. To this strong hold the female and helpless part of the community, as well as all moveable treasures, were conveyed in time of peril. Here they were enabled to enjoy a feeling of security, even though surrounded by foes—for the skill of a *du Guesclin* had

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\* The famous Bertrand De Guesclin made a formidable attack on this Fortress, accompanied by the Duke of Bourbon, and the Flower of the French Chivalry. Some of the outer



nought availed against its immoveable defences. Treachery at length effected what neither numbers nor courage could, and the Fortress fell into the hands of the French, at the close of the troubled reign of the weak minded Henry the Sixth. The events of our narrative here take rise; but it would be unnecessary to add to this short sketch of the History of Jersey, any comment on the Political state of England at this period.

The direful feuds between the rival Houses of York and Lancaster, and the results of the successive battles of Wakefield, Touton, and Hexham, are too well known to need recording here; though it may not be superfluous to add a brief remark on that of Touton, the disasters of

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walls were thrown down, without, however, much injuring the body of the place, and an agreement was entered into, that if not relieved before a certain day, it should be surrendered. In the mean time, the English Fleet appeared, and Du Guesclin was glad to provide for his own safety.

which, were unable to quell the dauntless spirit of Margaret of Anjou. With a celerity which astounded alike friends and foes, she passed over to France, and by skilful policy and intrigue, not only gained fresh supplies from the subtle Louis the Eleventh, but lured into her service, some of the Barons and Vassals whose power had of late so considerably increased, as to give Louis no small uneasiness, each seeming to arrogate to himself the privileges of a Sovereign; amongst the number of these, was one, Sir Pierre de Brézé Comte de Maulevrier, a native of l'Isle et Vilaine, a man whose lawless career, invincible bravery, and revolting cruelty, had rendered notorious, and whose followers were throughout France, stigmatized by the name of *Escorceurs*; this said De Brézé, the Queen learnt, through the medium of the Spies she kept constantly in her employ, was at best but luke-warm

in her cause, and so dissatisfied with the reward promised for his services, that it was much to be feared, if more advantage was to be reaped from it,—he would pass over to her foes. The politic Margaret felt that her circumstances were too desperate to run the hazard of losing the services of a leader, at once renowned for recklessness and bravery. To secure him to her cause, she proposed resigning to him the possession of Calais and the Channel Islands, in the event of her party proving victorious in the ensuing contest. The battle of Hexham was soon after fought, and proved not less disastrous to Margaret, than by a chain of unlooked for events, it did to the Islanders of Jersey; remote, and little frequented as was this favoured spot, a division of party and politics, had nevertheless found its way to it; some upholding the House of Lancaster, supported by their captain, or

governor, Perrin Nenfant, who had been nominated to that post, by the duke of Somerset; the other, and far the larger portion of the inhabitants, espousing the cause of the Yorkists; foremost amongst the partizans of the latter, stood forth Sir Phillip de Carteret, the Seigneur of St. Ouen, &c., descendant of the family, already alluded to in the reign of King John. Sir Phillip was well entitled to the high consideration in which he was held, not less for his integrity and well tried bravery, than for the extent of his manorial possessions, which he held in chef, or fief haubert, and the dignity of knighthood, bestowed on him by the great Warwick, who, with the earl of March, afterwards Edward IV, had taken shelter under his roof, for a day or two, when escaping to France, after the disastrous battle of Wakefield. Geoffrey Wallis, Sir Phillip's brother-in-law, and a

native of Jersey, had long been in the service and confidence of Warwick, and on this occasion, served as guide to the hard beset nobles, who through his means, and with no small difficulty, thus escaped falling into the hands of their inveterate enemy, Margaret of Anjou.



# THE FORTRESS,

AN

## HISTORICAL TALE.

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### CHAPTER I.

THE struggle between the Houses of York and Lancaster, had long been carried on under various disguises, when Margaret of Anjou sent a large body of troops to seize the person of the Earl of Salisbury on a charge of high treason, and commit him to the Tower. With the exception of his son, the famous Warwick, the Earl was undoubtedly the most powerful subject in the realm, and the one next to Warwick, whom, that most enterprizing Princess most dreaded. The force sent against him was con-

sequently not a mean one, but Salisbury was not a man to be intimidated by numbers, and though his own was somewhat startlingly inferior, he did not shrink from the combat. His boldness was crowned with so signal a victory that the Duke of York, at his persuasion, threw off the mask he had so long worn, and boldly took the field against Henry the Sixth. Supported by his powerful friends Salisbury and Warwick, he already looked upon the battle as gained, he had indeed sufficient grounds for anticipating a favourable result to the struggle: the latter had brought to his aid a choice body of veteran soldiers from Calais, and with such a reinforcement success seemed placed beyond a doubt—but the wisdom of the wisest is often confounded!—the Callecians passed over to the Lancastrian side and their treachery completely turned the tables. The Duke of York and his son the Earl of March narrowly escaped with their lives.

To no one adherent of the House of York did



the tidings of this defeat bring such grief and consternation as to the worthy Commodore Sir Richard Harleston, his personal affection to the Duke, in whose service he had passed the early part of his life, was divested of all interested views for the future, and cemented by a grateful remembrance of past favours and present kindness. As he stood beneath the massive porch of his manorial residence, situated near Portsmouth, together with his fair daughter Margaret, and two guests from the far remote Isle of Jersey, Jacqueline Wallis and Edward De Carteret by name, questioning the fugitive from the Yorkist army who had brought the ill tidings, five horsemen in complete armour which was dimmed with dust and the foam of their goaded steeds came tearing down the long avenue of majestic oaks, which had given to Sir Richard's estate the name of Oakland Park.

“Now the saints be good unto us” exclaimed Sir Richard, shading his eyes from the slanting rays of a setting sun, “but the fore-

most bears the cognizance of the House of York. By St. George—'tis the young Earl of March himself! I know him by his beautiful white steed!—and next him rides Warwick! Their ill plight bodes no good of a surety!"

"And my father, is he not there?" asked Jacqueline Wallis tremulously.

"Yes, he follows in the rear, continued Sir Richard, see, that is he!" The horsemen came rapidly on; the foremost was already within hearing, his beautiful snow-white charger, Rolla, whose faithful services to another master we shall have occasion to record hereafter, scarce seemed to touch the ground. Sir Richard advanced to the rider and saluted him with all the respect of a subject to a king.

"Out upon ceremony now man" exclaimed the gay young Earl of March, as his host held the bridle for him to dismount. "I and my friends have come hither rather to obtain thy aid in ridding thee and the kingdom of us than to obtain thy courtesies, or partake of thy hos-

pitality,—we have been defeated through the treachery of the base Callecians and may not abide within reach of Queen Margaret's malignancy! Thou wilt not hesitate to shelter us till something better may be done?"

"My lord, it must at all times glad me to open my gates to the son of my royal master, yet I lament me that—

"Never lament thee, good Sir Knight! Trust me, thy broad honest face was never made to express any thing but jollity and *sans souci*! Our sun has not set, there be merely a little black cloud skimming across it! But pray thee good Sir Richard, who be these fair damsels? Daughters of thine, he? come, present me I pray thee! mine eyes never beheld two more lovely ones! Without awaiting an answer, the Earl made his way towards them at the moment that Jacqueline, leaning on the arm of her father, was drawing him aside that she might snatch a few minutes conversation with him, and Margaret, abashed at standing alone in the pre-

sence of so many knightly cavaliers, stepped lightly forward to take his other arm.

“Halt there, Sir Esquire! thou art not to lead off both fair prizes, I trow!”—at the sound of the Earl’s voice Geoffry Wallis turned round, and, with the courtly but proud reserve of manner so habitual with him, bowed coldly.

“Master Geoffry, I pray thee present me to the fair damsels, with whom ye be selfishly disposed to make a retreat? Ah! that is thy daughter the fair Mistress Jacqueline! Fair lady, your eyes need to be seen but once to be remembered ever!” The Norman maiden received this gallantry with the calm dignity of one to whom it is not new, but Margaret blushed and shrank back, as she next became the object of his attention.

“Ah! the daughter of the good old Knight, i’faith! she hath much of his merry look about her!” and gallantly pressing his lips to her hand he was profuse in compliments, which, however courtly and well-turned, seemed so

extravagant to the unpractised ear of Margaret Harleston, that she felt half inclined to take them in ill part. The merry young Earl was not slow to perceive the somewhat unusual impression his courtesies had made, and as she, at her father's request, led the way into the mansion, he kept close by her side and looking archly in her blushing face, said *solto voce*.

"Beshrew me sweet mistress, but thou dost turn from me with looks of alarm and disapproval, it must needs be my steel harness and unbecoming plight that terrify thee! for Edward of March too well loves the glance of sweet eyes like thine to fright it from him! Not one smile Mistress Margaret? Methinks ye might afford a more merry welcome to thy father's guest!"

"My lord," replied Margaret, with all her wonted quiet simplicity of manner, "I should be truly sorry that you deemed me wanting in hospitable courtesy, but I confess I thought there was more cause for concern than smiles, seeing you and your friends be in such sorry

plight and fleeing before ill fortune; truly, whilst I listen to your merry converse, I cannot help marvelling at the little impression difficulties and dangers make on the minds of men."

"Beshrew me, pretty one, but I prophecy thou wilt be a female philosopher, since thou mindest to compare effects with causes, yet when I look at thee, I can but think and talk of *Love's philosophy*, and that I wot is the best sort, what says my fair oracle?"

"That it is more likely to be the worst than the best, my lord," replied Margaret, with a smile, beginning to understand the merry thoughtless character of her companion.

"And wherefore pray you sweet one?" asked the Earl with one of his bland smiles.

"I know not exactly," replied Margaret, with bewitching naïvete, "but mine aunt, the Lady Fitzhugh, whose experience in the world far surpasses mine, has often told me to put no trust in love, for 'twas but the idle sophistry of idle hearts."

"Good Lord, she is in great error! I would

not have thee become her disciple, so commend me to her and say—”

“Nay, my lord,” interposed Margaret, you shall have the pleasure of communicating what you have to say in person, this is the Lady Fitzhugh” and leading him to the end of the apartment they had just entered, she named their distinguished guest to the Lady Fitzhugh, who already aware of his rank, had quitted her seat and came forward to greet him with stately respect. The young Earl returned her greeting with graceful courtesy, but took the earliest opportunity of following Margaret who had retired to some distance, and was conversing with Edward De Carteret.

“Forsooth, sweetheart,” he whispered archly, “love may be sophistry with thy Lady Aunt, but with such as thee and me ’tis the Angel of Life! list to her not, I pray thee!”—Margaret blushed and smiled, De Carteret looked ill pleased, but affected not to hear and turned away. In frivolous conversation, such



as this, the handsome young Earl, whose lighsome brow a crown was destined soon to encircle, continued to lure away the time which his more sedate companions were turning to a profitable account in planning an escape from England.

Sir Richard Harleston offered to convey them to Calais in the ship of which he had command and which was then lying in the harbour, but this offer was rejected by the Earl of March, from a generous feeling of repugnance to involve so faithful a servant in ruin and danger; for the wrath of Margaret of Anjou was as prompt as it was terrible. The indecision and apprehensions of the young Earl's friends were however most unexpectedly relieved by a proposition from the young Jerseyman, De Carteret, who fortunately remembered that whilst walking on the quay at Portsmouth the day before, he had seen a Jersey vessel taking in a cargo in exchange for some produce of his native Island, which it had brought; and he



proposed that he should at once set out to seek an interview with the commander, bribe him to receive the fugitives on board, and push out to sea during the night. If once in Jersey, he could promise them perfect security for as long a period as they should think fit to honour his father's manor with their presence. Geoffry Wallis seconded his nephew's proposition, and added, that should the Governor, who was a Lancastrian and a partizan of the Duke of Somerset, discover the Prince's retreat and resort to hostilities, he and his brother-in-law, Sir Phillip De Carteret, could summon round them a body of retainers strong enough to defend the manor against his paid forces. Whilst Geoffry Wallis urged this plea with unusual warmth and confidence of manner, the countenance of the young Earl brightened, and he expressed himself in very gracious terms of acquiescence; concluding, however, with somewhat of his wonted levity of manner,—“Yet beshrew me Sir Islander, but thou art perchance over hasty

in thus promising us support on behalf of thy brother-in-law, the De Carteret! Bethink thee man, how thy sworn friend, De Montessy and his base Callicians, for whose good faith thou would'st have staked thy head—bethink thee, that I owe all my present jeopardy to him, and how can'st thou tell that this *outlandish* knight may not prove a turncoat like unto this Norman Baron, who was to do such wonders for us? but I cry ye mercy” he exclaimed, seeing a fiery flush dye the swarthy cheeks of Geoffry, “I cry ye mercy Sir Esquire, I had forgot that this right trusty Baron hath a son whom report—

“Report! report lieth!” violently interrupted Geoffry Wallis, striking his clenched fist on the table, then as if recalled to a sense of his indecorum by the jingling of the goblets and plates, he added more moderately, “I crave pardon my lord, but in good sooth I lack patience when the treachery of that double-hearted Baron doth but occur to me! As I am a true man, I utterly eschew his friendship and that of all his kith

and kin; nor would I stir a finger to loose the halter round his, or his stripling sons' necks, did I see them suspended from the gallows! Nay, by the lord, but I'd rather aid the headsman in giving the rope a pull."

"Patience, Sir Esquire, patience," resumed the Earl with a smile—"That thou art a good man and true, thy master and our trusty friend Warwick, hath heartily vouched, so thou needest have no fears that we purpose classing thee with thy *ci-devant* friend, De Montessy, about whose neck, the saints forgive me, I should also have no great repugnance to see a halter suspended; but, for his son, the gallant young Sir Julien, I'm inclined to hope better things of him. If he favour not our cause, certes, he hath no wish to mar it; for, by my troth, but for a good blow his sword dealt in my behalf, and a word of warning whispered in my ear, there would this day have been an end of me!"

Geoffrey made no reply, his brow darkened and he rose abruptly, praying that he and his

nephew might be allowed to withdraw to consult together respecting the purposed flight to Jersey—The lady Fitzhugh also made a movement to quit the room, which was most eagerly obeyed by the two younger ladies. As they gained the hall, Geoffery Wallis, who with his nephew followed them out, laid his hand abruptly on his daughter's shoulder, and with a still flushed and angry brow, and a voice still stern and harsh, said, "Jacqueline, meet me here in five minutes, I must have some speech of thee!"—

Jacqueline bowed assent, she was unable to speak, and her cheek paled to the hue of death; either her father's stern manner, or the apprehension of what he might have to communicate, struck a chill to her heart which was painfully betrayed in the contraction of her beautiful features, as she suffered her arm to be affectionately drawn within that of her warm hearted friend Margaret, a moment after Geoffrey and his nephew quitted the hall.

It is not our purpose to enter into particulars

of the conferences which followed—suffice it, that the scheme proposed for ensuring the escape of the Earl of March and his followers was carried into effect, and proved successful; they arrived safely in Jersey, partook of the hospitality of Sir Phillip De Carteret for some days, and then passed safely over to Calais. It was on this occasion that Edward Earl of March marked his gratitude to De Carteret, by the gift of the famous steed Rolla whose picture and history are still preserved in the old Manor House of St. Ouen—

Three months subsequent to this event Jacqueline Wallis and her cousin Edward took leave of their friends in England, and returned to their Island home, after a brief sojourn at Calais whither Jacqueline had been summoned by her father. Their departure from Oakland caused many a bitter tear and many a pang of regret to the affectionate heart of the youthful Margaret, who could only seek refuge from her grief in the promise Jacqueline had exacted

from Sir Richard, that his daughter should, ere long, be permitted to visit her in the *outlandish* home as he called it, which she preferred to the courtly scenes which were open to her, and for which she was by nature so well fitted. Margaret loved her friend Jacqueline with all the affection of her ardent nature, and Jacqueline's regard was not less sincere, though perhaps less exclusive: there was a similarity in their situations as well as in most respects, of their taste and feelings, which united them in a close bond of affection. Both had been at an early age deprived of a mother's fostering care, and neither had known the consolation of a brother's or a sister's love—they seemed to have found in each other a haven for the affection which had hitherto been shut up in their own breasts, at least, so Margaret would again and again assert and Jacqueline as oft by a sad smile seem to confirm.

## CHAPTER II.

We pass over an interval of somewhat more than two years, and, at the same time take leave of the monotonous and stately mansion of the good Commodore, Sir Richard Harleston,—arriving in the then, little frequented Island of Jersey, without any unnecessary delay, and at a moment when a convivial party was assembled in the spacious hall of the manor of St. Ouen, the residence of Sir Phillip De Carteret, Seigneur of the extensive fief haubert of that name, which he held *en capite*, by knight's tenure. This assemblage was truly character-



stic of the feudal times, and presented a spectacle of the less refined but more hearty welcome and hilarity of the social meetings of those by-gone days, as well as of the power and importance which not only the Barons and chief vassals under the Crown of England, but those who held minor feudal tenures, assumed. The hall, or usual sitting apartment, was low but spacious, and the streams of grey twilight admitted into the deeply embayed windows fell on a carpet of newly strewn rushes, the massive lamp suspended by an equally massive chain from the beam that traversed the richly carved oak ceiling had not yet been lighted, but the cheerful blaze sent forth from the substantial logs, fast consuming in the huge chimney place, threw out all the figures crowded around it in bold relief, and the whole group formed by no means an uninteresting subject for an artist's pencil. There was a holy stillness throughout the vast apartment, as though each individual feared to lose a sentence of the youthful min-



strel's ballad, who, as the last rays of an autumnal setting sun fell on his harp, one might have loved to fancy was chaunting a farewell strain to the departing orb of day. But no! love, the theme which rules the court, the camp, the grove, had now inspired the enthusiastic bard! The beautiful repose of the picture as well as of the party was broken in upon by *Petit Jean*, the major domo seeing fit to kindle the lamp, and we will now take a leisure survey of the assembly. First, glancing at a youthful group on the left side of the ungainly fireplace, with each of whom we have already made a slight acquaintance at Oakland Park, Jacqueline Wallis, a ward and neice of Sir Phillip's, leant back in her seat—her attitude was that of deep attention; there seemed somewhat in the lay of the minstrel, who was singing a Norman ballad of tedious length, that touched her keenly. Her dark eye glanced furtively over his youthful countenance, yet, that each fresh glance disappointed and dissatisfied her was evident from

the impatient manner with which she had thrown herself back in her seat, scarce able to smother the sighs that rapidly heaved her bosom; it was evident, too, from the deep attention she still paid to his minstrelsy, that the plaintive strains of his harp were painfully responded to by some vibrating chords in her own bosom, chords which had long been, and which she would fain still have had, untouched. The tall stature of the Norman maiden, her large hazel eye, lofty brow, clear brown complexion, dark tresses, and the studied elegance of her costume, contrasted forcibly with the sylphlike form scarcely attaining to the middle height, the Saxon blue eye, delicate complexion, and light auburn hair of her young friend, Margaret Harlestone, who bent industriously over her embroidery frame, ever and anon raising her sunny countenance to smile an acknowledgment on Edward De Carteret, Sir Phillip's only son, who stood beside her eagerly availing himself of every little opportunity of affording her assis-

tance in her employment, alternately presenting her scissors, or sorting out the different coloured skeins of silk she needed for her work. In all these little attentions something more than mere acts of politeness to his father's English guest, might be discerned by an attentive observer; near this group two favorite wolf greyhounds, a shaggy venerable mastiff, and a black spaniel of small breed, stretched out their limbs in full enjoyment of the warm hearth. To the right sat the stately and really noble looking Seigneur of St. Ouen's<sup>1</sup> surrounded by and in conversation with his guests. The young Seigneur of Anneville, Julien de la Hambie, sat on his left and seemed to enjoy the chief portion of the host's attention,—and there was that in the dark flashing eye, the intellectual cast of features of the young man that entitled him to respect. Next him sat the diminutive figure of the *Bailli*, or chief magistrate of the Island. Then came the lesser dignitaries; the Provost of the Parish of

St. Mary's, the Provost of St. Brelades, the King's Procureur, as well as four Jurats, whom precedence requires should have been sooner named, and last, though not least in his own opinion, one Thomas le Hardi, Seigneur of Meliche. At the further end of the apartment grouped together the different members of the household and many of the Knight's retainers, all employed in such ways as suited their different capacities or inclinations. The tire women of the ladies Jacqueline and Margaret sat at a small table apart from the rest, employed at their needlework, which was however often interrupted whilst their truant eyes wandered from their needle to glance approvingly on the young minstrel, Du Bois, who by the gentleness of his disposition and the versatility of his talents had won for himself, not only the kind feelings of the damsels, but the general goodwill of the Knight's household, into which he had been admitted two or three months previously. Happening to present himself at the

manor shortly after the death of the old family bard, Runa, his request to repay the night's hospitality he craved, with some merry lays of "fair Normandie" was readily acceded to, and so much satisfaction did his minstrelsy afford, that when about to take his departure on the following day, he was agreeably surprized by a proposition from Sir Phillip to remain and fill the place left vacant by the death of Runa. The offer was gratefully accepted by the wanderer, who, as we have said, soon contrived to insinuate himself into the good graces of his new master, as well as of the household. Du Bois had however made a less pleasing impression on the mind of the fair mistress of the mansion, for such Jacqueline was considered since the death of her aunt, the Lady De Carteret. There was a mystery, a reserve of manner, a quiet but unceasing scrutiny in his demeanour, which at times almost alarmed her, and which involuntarily drew her attention to his words and actions. Sweet, yet painful reminiscences of

the past would steal over her heart as she listened to his minstrelsy, and she would remain absorbed in them long after his full-toned voice and skilfully touched harp ceased to reverberate through the hall, if spoken to, she would rouse herself as from a dream and smile bitterly and proudly at her self-delusion. Such a smile has just passed over her beautiful face, as her uncle, on the conclusion of the love lay, called on Petit Jean for the evening cups, and a merry buz of voices succeeded to the soft strain of music. The Seigneurs pledged each other in brimming goblets, having first paid the compliment to the ladies, then the Knight, a zealous partizan of the House of York, arose, and drank "Long life to King Edward the Fourth"—of whose victory at Touton and partial proclamation, they had just gained the tardy information, by a letter Jacqueline had that morning received from her father, who, as we have already stated, was in the service of the Earl of Warwick. So little frequented was Jersey at this remote, dark,

and troubled period of its history, that the Islanders seldom obtained a knowledge of current events in the mother country, until they had there almost passed from the minds of men, or at least had been superseded by other important subjects, this will account for Sir Phillip's ignorance of the battle of Hexham and its subsequent events.

The health of the King having been loyally drank by all present, a party of strolling glee-men or *disours* as they were at that period designated, was then, at the suggestion of the young people, called on to perform their feats. These strolling jugglers and players were in those times a privileged class, intruding themselves without ceremony into the houses of the great as well as in those of public entertainment, and the party in question had taken up their abode in the manor during the day, sure of a hearty welcome from the hospitable Sir Phillip, whose *bonhommie* and right joyousness of character were well known amongst the party



who from time to time migrated from the neighbouring shores of Normandy, and took up their temporary abode in the fair Isle of Jersey or Cesarea, as it was still often styled. The party thus called upon was not slow to obey the mandate; they advanced to the centre of the hall, and the retainers eagerly formed a circle around them, approaching to the very limits of the boundary their habitual respect for their master's family imposed between them. The sleight of hand, tumbling, and various antics of the mountebanks excited their mirth to such a degree, that Petit Jean was obliged to exert all his authority to keep them in order;—in the midst of a shout of laughter more lengthened than any that had preceded it, a sudden pause, a silence as of magic fell on the merry group; a shrinking back was observed amongst those who formed the outer circle, next a dismayed, breathless whisper of—"La Blanche Vê<sup>^</sup>tue!—la Blanche Vê<sup>^</sup>tue," was passed from one to another. At the same moment a tall attenuated



figure glided noiselessly through the passage so readily opened for her and stopped opposite to Sir Phillip. Her whole appearance was that of a maniac. She was clad in a long scanty robe of white serge, confined round the waist by a broad belt, on which divers strange figures in black and red were traced; her grey hair was closely cropt and a black scarf which was bound round her temples in thick folds, shrouded her wild deep set eyes; her cheeks and lips were colourless, and her nose and chin so pointed and long that they every moment threatened to come in contact; her legs were bare, and the rough sandals were bound to her feet by cords; her long sinewy arms peered out from ample hanging sleeves reaching to the elbows, and her bony hands grasped a substantial walking staff around which were wound stripes of various colours, on which the ignorant serfs asserted spells and exorcisms were inscribed. This singular, but well-known figure, gazed on the Knight sternly and sorrowfully, till he in

some measure succeeded in composing the risible muscles of his face which had been thrown into such full play, that like a machine to which a violent impetus has been given, they could not be suddenly restored to quietude. She at length stretched her right arm towards him and her indignation burst forth.

“Is it when the demon of destruction is stalking over the country to which he owes fealty—is it when the bitter enemies of his race and the brave Islanders he is bound to protect are prowling at his and their very thresholds—is it, I say, at such time that the Seigneur of St. Ouen should be wasting his time over the wine cup in wassail and merriment, that endeth in sickness of heart? Arouse ye! arouse ye! St Ouen. Look around ye! there will shortly be that a doing ye wot not of! Look to your fortress—look to the sea! Lilies can steep themselves in human gore as well as *roses*!—and wherefore should they be content to sip in the soft dew of heaven only, sith, the queen of

flowers disdaineth it? and cries aloud for blood! blood! blood!" With this figurative allusion to the feuds existing in France between Louis the Eleventh and his overgrown vassals, and the still more deadly strife between the Houses of York and Lancaster, she turned and walked slowly away, and though the Knight called loudly after her, she deigned not to notice him, nor did any of the retainers dare to impede her progress, in such awe was she held by the lower orders; even her superiors, if the truth must be told, regarded her with a feeling of superstition they cared not to own. The manner of her obtaining ingress into the house had at all times been a matter of perplexity, and often canvassed by the Knight and his friends. Her visits were few and far between, and always made at the evening hour when all the outer gates were carefully barricaded, still she was never known to apply for admittance, though, to afford no clue to her secret, she took care that her egress should be through the bartizaned gateway,

which she invariably summoned one of the menials to unbar. Such was the wilfullness of this singular being, that neither bribes nor threats on the part of Sir Phillip had hitherto drawn the information from her, which he deemed essential to the security of his family to obtain; for, that she was acquainted with some secret entrance to the house he was fully convinced; his strong unprejudiced mind scornfully rejected the belief of supernatural agency, a belief most religiously impressed on the awe struck domestics by the unsuccessful examination the manor had twice undergone.

Though Sir Phillip was divested of the superstition so prevalent in his day and now affected to laugh at La Blanche Vétue's warnings, it was with an expression of uneasiness, but ill concealed, that he turned to the Bailli and said jocosely,

“Thou art not the only bird of ill omen to croak over our hearth this eve, Bailli! but what can this beldame mean? pshaw! wherefore

should I ask? The moon is at her full and hath increased the evil dominion of delusion in her brain. Let's think no more on it, there be too small a share of probability in her warnings for them to be accredited—beshrew me if I can divine from what quarter should come our fear! she talked of *lilies* steeping themselves in gore as well as *roses*” he continued after a moment's pause, thus proving that her words had made more impression than he was willing to acknowledge,—“if so be her speech aimed at France, it was a random mark, Louis has enough to do at home without turning his thoughts to our wee bit of territory, and as to the dire feuds of the rival roses, they must of a surety have exhausted themselves at the bloody battle of Touton—did not thy father so name it to thee, Jacqueline?” addressing his niece, “thou didst purpose reading his letter to me at noon but I lacked time to listen, wherefore, if it so please thee fair niece, I should be glad to hear it expounded; I am but a poor clerk at decy-

phering hieroglyphics, as well thou knowest, and my good friends here will, I can testify, be right glad to hear such pleasant tidings from thy pleasant lips." Jacqueline smiled affectionately on her uncle, drew the letter she had that morning received from her bosom, and read aloud as follows,

"My deare Childe,

"By mine trustie servant, Goffe, whom I have commanded to touche at thine Isle, being on a progresse to St. Malo, I send thee this greefing, knowing that thou wilt rejoyce that the darke cloude which hovered over us hath dispersed. Mine noble friende and master, the trulie greate Warwicke and the brave young Earle of March, now our gracious King Edward the Fourth, have right nobly avenged them of their brave sire's cruel murther and contemptuous treatment, received at the hands of the malignant Margaret of Anjou, of whose cankered disposition we have, God wote, had sufficient evidence. Upon the 28th day of Februarye, these greate Captaines having joined their troops, together made their entrie into London, and were right joyously received of the citizens. The young Prince retired to his House of Baynard's Castle, but the Earle of Warwicke (seeing the small profite that had arisen from the forbearance and delaye of his Prince's father, the Duke of blessed memorie) thoughte it best to strike the anvill

whilste yette the metal was hotte, so assembling all his men in St. Johnne's fields and also a greate concourse of citizens, he stode in the midste of a ring and required of them, if so be, they would have King Henrie the Sixth to reign over them?—to which they all criede clamorously, “no! no! no!”—then he requiured of them if they would have the Earle of March, son of the valorous and good Duke of York, to which they all cried “yea! yea! yea!”—thereupon the greate Warwicke and many greate Captaines and citizens went to Baynard's Castle, where the younge, valiante Edward was prevalled with to take upon him the crowne. The nexte morning he goeth in procession to Pauls, where after “TE DEUM” was sung, he wente to Westminster where he was seated in the royalle seate with the sceptre of St. Edward in his hands, and in the midst of a greate hoste, it was again demanded of the citizens if they would have him to be their King,—upon whiche even more clamorously than before they cried “King Edward! King Edward!”—The Nobles then did homage to the gracious young King, than whom a more comelie persone mine eyes have never beheld. He was thence conveyed in greate solemnitie to the Abbaye, where he sate in the quire during the masse, then he maketh offering at St. Edward's shrine and returnethe in a barge to Pauls where he was lodged in the Bishop's Palace, after which he was proclaimed King Edward the Fourth—but I oughte in more due tyme have tolde ye of the goode omens which befelle him when Earle of March. Whilst he was declaring his titles in the Upper House, it befelle in the Nether House, that a crown of laurel leaves which hung in the middle of the house to garnish a branch to sette lights upon, without touche, falleth downe, and about



the same tyme, in same manner, downe cometh the crowne which had heretofore stoode firmie on Dover Castle, thus denoting the fall of the crown from off misguided Henrie's head. But to return to things presente, of the greate battle of Tounton thou mayest hap not to have heard in thy far remote Isle, so that though I am sore pinched for time, I must e'en give thee a brief accounte o' it, knowing that thou Jacqueline, dost love suche things. By my faithe, I wot it falleth little shortte in glorie of the great battle of Agincourte where King Henry the Fifth foughte against the Frenche with a force six times smaller, tho, as thou shalt presentlie learn the disparitie was in no wise so greate, our adversaries numbering but 2,000 more than our strengthe; the onset was not so prosperous as the termination, for the Lord de Clifford defeated the Lorde Fitzwalter who was placed to defende the passage of Ferribridge, upon which dreading the consequences, my Lord of Warwick hastieth to the camp of the Earle of March, where, in his presence and that of the whole armie, he stabbeth his trustie steed and sweareth to stande by the Prince till deathe, who presently maketh proclamation that those who feared to fighte should depaite but that those who stayed should have great reward. and in good soothe, 'twas pleasante to see that not one but stayed. At dawninge of day our armie cometh in sight of the Lancastrians, near unto Tounton, and there for 10 good hours did the battle laste, a hotte and a bloody battle it was and a glorious victorie for the Yorkists, and a too mightie triumph, for the grim tyrant Deathe, who that day claimed no fewer than six and thirty thousand, seven hundred and three score and sixteen victims—but in good soothe, my darling, I can no longer parley with thee, but I shall, God willing, ere long



be with ye for a short space, I can then discourse more largely on these matters, meanwhile I praye be merrie seeing that thy father was never in so good cheere and good suretie as now; sithe, the princelie Edward be now King, all civile war shall be at an end, and peace, with her twin sister profite, shall flourish again. Meanwhile tell thine good uncle, that the greate King Edward will be mindful that his manor gave him safety when he was in sore perplexitie, and moreover, I pray thee, commend me to this mine righte worthy brother-in-law and thy gallant-spirited cousin, but I blushe at my wante of courtesie, in that I have not first noticed thy fair young friende, Margaret Harleston, if so be she still sojourneth at the manor, thou mayest further advertise her, that her righte valorous father hath been rewarded for his goode services to King Edward, who hath conferred the great honor of knighthood upon him, and made him Vice Admiral of his Navies, and sent him out to scoure the seas as there be some talk that the restless and proud-spirited Margaret will not be content till she hath spilt more bloode. She hath progressed to France to see what her kinsman, Louis, will do for her, but it will be of small availle that she now perplexed and busie herself, the crown hath departed from her house for now and aye! May the saints have thee in their holie keeping, so prayeth thy loveing father

GEOFFRY WALLIS,

Esquire of the body to the Righte Noble  
the Earle of Warwicke, written  
in London at the Harbour, this  
10th day of Marche.

“Nota Bene.—There will be some delaye in the receipt

of this mine letter, I fear me, seeing that it be now so arranged that Goffe do progresse straight to France, and will not at any time touch at thine Isle, consequently, he will entruste this, mine epistle, to some one of the Captaines of vessels who trade between Normandie and Jersie, whilst at the former place."

Here Jacqueline paused, though the post-script was evidently much longer; a painful emotion flitted across her brow, and she repressed a sigh as she replaced the letter in her bosom. Sir Phillip De Carteret was the first to speak.

"It was a right glorious day in good sooth" he exclaimed. "so here's another bumper to King Edward! Come fill your glasses, messieurs, and ye too my gentle ones must drink a long and a merry reign to Edward the Fourth, on whose head the crown be at length fixed to the heart's content of all."

"I would not make too sure of it, were I King Edward, whilst the spirited Margaret of Anjou be alive to plot and intrigue against me" exclaimed the Seigneur of Trinité, "By the

lord ! she be an host in herself—'tis said she hath already passed over to France to wheedle the French as she hath done the Scots into promising aid to Henry of Lancaster."

"And what if she hath ?" argued the Knight impatiently, "Louis is too politic and selfish to lend his kinswoman aid in so hopeless a straight, I doubt me if he so much as receive her at his court, and for the Scots, I ween they be in no wise competent to take the field against England. No, no, of a surety, the crown hath passed from the House of Lancaster, was it not even so foretold by the great and brave Henry the Fifth, of whom it is confidently recorded, that on being advertised of the birth of his son at Windsor, with a spirit of prophecy that hath already been verified, cried out,—“ Good Lord ! I, Henry of Monmouth, shall small time reign and much get, and Henry born at Windsor shall long time reign and lose all ! but God's will be done ! ”

“ His prophecy was truly remarkable and

hath been to the letter fulfilled, for he reigned but nine years, and well nigh subjugated all France, whilst his son hath now reigned upwards of thirty and lost all. "Lo!" taking a piece of money from his pocket called a *salute*, on which the arms of France and England were quartered, and which Henry the Fifth caused to be coined at Paris—"but a few years back this piece was issued by an English Sovereign in Paris! the English were then masters of France, their King proclaimed Regent and heir-apparent to the crown!—now, thanks to the Duke of Somerset's regency and the base Suffolk's misgovernment, for he and the Queen had it all their own way—they can boast of no larger a portion than Calais! As to our goodly Islands they may be deemed a portion of England's self."

"Beshrew me," said the Bailli, drawing up his little person and looking very dignified and moreover very significantly in the face of D'Anneville, "beshrew me, but I wot there is

small chance of their as much as boasting of the one or the other, for much longer space. Aye, and ye may smile as much as ye list, Sir Phillip, but I am not wanting for good authority touching what I say, and I now repeat what I told ye before Sir Phillip, that the King of France hath received Margaret of Anjou, and espoused her cause, and that he hath prohibited all the Yorkists to stay or traffic in his kingdom, whilst all free permission has been given to the Lancastrians to abide as they list. Moreover I have been advertised that if King Henry"—but here the Bailli stopt short like one who is afraid of having advanced further in a subject than prudence warranted.

"If King Henry!—if King Henry!—good lord! why there be no King Henry, I tell thee man!"—impatiently burst from the lips of Sir Phillip—"What availeth such circumlocution? if ye have been advertised of ought worth the telling, out with it—'tis not thy wont to be so niggardly Bailli, so out with it at once!"

“That—that”—resumed the Bailli, confused, “that if King Henry—Henry that was I mean,” hurriedly correcting himself “if he regained his throne through the aid of King Louis, Margaret of Anjou hath entered into a treaty with him to yield up Calais, and ”—here followed another doubtful pause, of which the Provost of St. Mary’s availed himself to give expression to his indignation.

“A right scandalous piece of bribery truly!” he ejaculated, then added with heroic selfishness, “Well, well, there is no use in perplexing one’s mind about it! for after all, if the worst come to the worst, I don’t see where’s the harm will accrue to us, England will be the loser to be sure,—what then? our charter exempteth us from her laws, and whatever levies she imposeth on her people. Wherefore then should we be more embroiled in her future wars than we have been in the internal feuds which have of late consumed her strength and pretty well annihilated her nobility? *Ma foi!*”

I ween 'tis a matter of indifference to us, whether the reigns of government be in the hands of York or Lancaster."

"I crave your pardon, Provost," interrupted Edward St. Ouen, whose speaking features betrayed the contempt he could scarcely refrain from expressing, "We, as faithful subjects of England be in duty bound to have her interests at heart, true, we may deem ourselves a favored people seeing that we be not only exempt from her laws and levies, but have the means of providing for our own wants independent of her, and I might even say of every other country, such being the fertility and strength of our own goodly Isle, yet me seems these advantages should the rather prevail with us to remain faithful and loving subjects of a country, whose leniency and protection we enjoy, and the more solicitous for her prosperity, and of a surety every one that possesseth any degree of judgment and candour must avow that the chivalrous young Edward is better calculated to



reign over a bold enterprising people like the English, than the tame pious-minded Henry. Of this ye might be assured, Sir Provost, that should the Lancastrians perchance make their way back to the throne, England hath nought better to expect than unceasing faction and intrigue amongst her nobles, and discontent amongst her *villinage*."

"Ye are right, ye are right, Edward St. Ouen, we have but little profit to look for in the success of Henry" for the first time chimed in the Seigneur of Meléche, seeing that his friend the Provost was fairly silenced by Edward's more generous argument, "alack, with all due deference for his anointed person, be it spoken, he hath little to expect e'en for himself. 'Tis pretty much the same thing with him I trow, seeing he be but a puppet, moved here and there wheresoever the Queen listeth!" ere the two Provosts exchanged glances and the dignitary of St. Brelades whispered to the dignitary of St. Mary."



I marvel if so be that King Henry hath as shrewd a kirtle ruler as poor Méleche himself." The deepening colour of the Seigneur of Méleche, betrayed his consciousness of this by-play, but if he had been disposed to resent it, he was prevented by the humorous little Bailli whispering in his ear

"I gave you credit for possessing more discretion than ye are now manifesting Méleche, bethink ye, our captain is a stout Lancastrian, and Dame Fortune at best but a slippery jade, so that for aught ye know she may take a sudden freak and favour Henry, and ye would not like to be losing your manor, and mayhap your head, and all from the thoughtless laxity of your tongue."

"What croaking still, my good Bailli" interposed Sir Phillip, slapping his broad hand on the little man's shoulder, "*Pasques Dieu!* thou seemest to know of hidden things thou choosest not to reveal, I pray the saints thou hast not held intercourse with the dark powers

through whose agency *la Blanche Vêtu*<sup>e</sup> standeth accused of getting her fore-knowledge of events."

"Fie, fie, Sir Phillip, ye do wrong to talk so irreverently" rejoined the Bailli, devoutly crossing himself and touching a holy relic he always wore round his wrist, "*la Blanche Vêtu*<sup>e</sup> may have more reason for what she said, than ye think for, and sith ye make so light of her warning and my information, I will just tell ye this much, I had it from the mouth of a Lancastrian, and one that knoweth much about camps and courts to all seeming, he came hither by the veriest chance; the master of the vessel in which he was progressing to Scotland had been put out of his course by foul winds, and did not well know in what part of the seas he was, but at all hazards he was obliged to put into our harbour, his store of provisions and water having failed. I was progressing last night towards the bay near my dwelling, when I espied a sail, and after watching for some

space of time, I saw the little sloop make her way into the harbour and escape wrecking on the reef to the left, the saints know how, thereupon I incontinently hailed her, and one who was evidently not a seafaring man, stept ashore, and saluting me courteously, told what mischance had befallen them, and asked to be directed to an hostelry, where he might refresh himself, seeing that he had tasted nothing that day—whereupon I led him to my house and set the best I had before him. My stout Burgundy gave a loose to his tongue, and made him right merry and communicative.”

“Wherefore not have said this before, Bailli? I thought thy informant had been some idle gleeman, who cunningly thought to repay thy hospitality by coining news of the mother country for thy ear, and I paid little heed to it; so that thou mayest even rehearse it again.”

“Ye shall have it then” replied the Bailli “but if perchance ye should hereafter learn there be no truth in the story, Sir Phillip ye must

not put it down to my score, for a joke at my expense, as ye be over apt to do when things go contrary to my expectations:"—The Knight indulged in one of his exhilarating laughs ere he good humouredly promised to exonerate the Bailli from all part or share in the matter ; and soothe to say, the worthy magistrate was often incorrect in his news, or to use Sir Phillip's expression, generally contrived to get hold of the wrong end of a story. "Well then," resumed the Bailli, drawing up his little figure to its fullest altitude and with a look of the utmost importance "this gallant accompanied Margaret of Anjou from England to France, and he was left at St. Malo to recover from a violent sickness, which he took a few days before the Queen re-embarked on her return to England, when she was accompanied by a body of experienced soldiers, and that Sir Pierre de Brézé with his Escorceurs (whom you may remember in 57 was sent with two fleets to make a descent on the English shores) this de Brézé, the

Queen, it would seem, found somewhat lukewarm in her cause, so she, with her usual keen policy, sought to connect his interests with the success of her party by holding out a reward not likely to be over-reached by her foes, and if the gallant sayeth true, it hath pleased her to do so at our expense, she having entered into a treaty with this rapacious Norman, whereby she hath pledged herself to give up Calais as well as these Islands for a perpetual inheritance to him and his heirs for ever, exempt from fealty to England."

"Now the saints be good unto us and defend us from kirtle politicians and rulers!" exclaimed the Knight, striking his clenched fist on the oaken table with a force that made the goblet jingle, Women never look beyond the surface of things! a gaudy bauble or a gaudy title is all they think worth grasping at!—a pretty traffic she would make of us of a verity, this most intriguing Amazon! Nay, by God's blessed lady and our blessed St. Helerius, we will not

submit to such base barter of our rights and liberties, but—" moderating the vehemence of his manner, "I am demeaning myself in thus allowing such improbabilities to move me to ire, for beshrew me, but the star of Lancaster hath set, and there be small chance of De Brézé claiming his reward; perchance should he, we will not be tardy in letting him know there be as many strong arms and brave hearts amongst us as will suffice to defend our rights, so let him come. Our castle of Mount Orgueil hath defied the bravery of Du Guesclin, we shall see what it will do against these rascally *escorceurs*!—To morrow it may be as well to place sentinels along the coast and look to our castles, whether our captain, Nenfant, so wills it or not—and do ye, messieurs, call together your serfs and bid them hold themselves in readiness for a strife should there be need of coming to blows—safe bind, safe find, better that which preventeth than that which remedieth,"—here, Edward St. Ouen, whose attention had been entirely

diverted from the fair Margaret by the important turn the conversation had taken, proposed that he should with a few trusty serfs ride to the fortress and see that all was going on well.

Sir Phillip smiled “ of a verity, my boy, thou wouldst thwart fate by letting her know thou hast divined her evil intents and thus shame her out of her malice,” he replied, “ but seeing the danger be not pressing and our Captain somewhat over-jealous of his authority, such promptitude may not be expedient. The Lancastrians cannot yet have rallied, and as I said before, beshrew me if I think there be the smallest chance of De Brézé’s claiming his reward, sith, it dependeth on their success. Nevertheless beyond the morrow we will not delay—we will not be found sleeping at our posts, nor rest in fancied security, till tidings that Edward be firmly seated on the throne reach us, and for this purpose thou, boy, shalt on the morrow progress to England. I’ll be sworn thou hast no objection to revisit the gay capital ; eh boy ?



and mayhap the royal Edward may e'en be pleased to bestow on thee a pair of spurs, seeing that thine uncle Wallis states that he is not unmindful of the shelter he found in thy father's manor."

"And he left substantial proof of his gratitude Sir Phillip," said the Bailli, "for of a verity Rolla is a beast worthy to carry a king, there never was his like I verily believe. Ye are not the first Jerseyman to whom a King of England hath sent presents, Sir Knight; my great grandfather"—but here the Seigneur of Méleche was interrupted, the guests one and all simultaneously arose to depart, dreading the rehearsal of a long and oft-told tale.



## CHAPTER III.

At the time of which we write, the feudal system existed in full force in the Isle of Jersey, and the Islanders might be said to form as much a military as a labouring community. The lower orders or villinage, as they were termed, lived in a degraded state, scarcely a degree removed above actual slavery.

In time of war they were compelled to render military service to their Seigneurs, and in time of peace to labour in their fields, cultivate their gardens, and submit to every species of drudgery: they were also expected to supply

his table with fish and game ; in short they were bound to the land on which they were born, resting and passing with it as a component part : the end and aim of their existence to cultivate the lands of, and to render personal service to the Seigneur on whose territory they were born, to rear their children in the like blind obedience and then to die, transmitting to their posterity the mere privilege of living and dying as they themselves had done, without the power of bettering or changing their condition, or their masters. There was even in the charter, or rather I should say in the constitution given them by John, a confirmation or perpetual ratifying as it were of their bondage. The whole judicial and legislative power was vested in a Bailli or chief magistrate, and a body of twelve Jurats, selected from amongst the principal Seigneurs, most of whom holding their fiefs *in capite* had *la haute justice* on their estates, a right of hanging their vassals and possessing themselves of their forfeited goods and lands ;

it was not therefore at all likely holding supreme power as they did in their own hands that the rights or freedom of the subject should be allowed to interfere with their interests. The post of Captain or Governor, was one rather of military than civil power, though those who held it were vested with sufficient authority to oppress and annoy the Islanders in various ways. It was Sir Phillip de Carteret's bold resistance to the petty acts of tyranny exercised by Perrin Nenfant, the present Governor, which had acquired for him the dislike of the Lancastrian, and the respect and love, not only of the serfs pertaining to his own fief, to whom he had ever been a most indulgent master, but of the Islanders in general, to whom the name of De Carteret had been a pride and an incentive to courage from generation to generation. The deeds of this ancient family formed the theme of many a wandering bard as well as of many a narrator at the social hearth, for limited as is the extent of this little Isle, it

has nevertheless been the field of gallant exploits; prominent in all of which stands the name of De Carteret. Nor can we withhold our meed of admiration when we contemplate the brave inhabitants of a territory not exceeding twelve miles in length and six in breadth, successfully defending themselves against every attempt at invasion on the part of their near neighbours the French. The Island at this eventful period of its history boasted but of two fortifications, the Fortress of Mount Orgueil at the Eastern extremity, and the Castle of Grosnez at the Western, both of which had been at different periods fortified and supplied with guns and other warlike defences principally by John and Henry the Fifth. Grosnez was a construction of much later date than that of Mount Orgueil, and by no means equalled it either in strength or size, though its watch-towers and battlements were pierced for the passage of arrows from long bows, and the bastions were manned with falconets transported

thither by Henry the Fifth during his successful wars with France. The interior afforded little accommodation, the small circular windows scarce serving the purpose of admitting light and air, the site too was wild and bleak in the extreme, almost unprotected by outworks ; it stood conspicuous on a vast desolate plain which extended for some miles along the high rocky western coast, Mount Orgueil therefore, from its superior strength was constituted the principal depot of arms as well as the place of refuge for the helpless part of the community, and the deposit for the general treasure in time of danger. Its situation alone rendered it impregnable, perched upon a promontory of solid rock, surrounded by the sea, save where a sort of bridge or causeway joined it to the land. Not only were the walls, posterns, bastions, and other outworks constructed of solid stone and of a thickness even prodigious in those days, but the rock rising to a considerable height within the outer wall of the castle, its

natural form had been advantageously turned to account in the construction of the different walls, stairs, and towers. Passing through the first gateway you proceeded through a long narrow passage between the outer wall and the rock, to a second, beyond which was a court, and opposite a curiously constructed turret and bell tower. To the left was a gatehouse leading into the centre of the Fortress, and within this gate a low dismal apartment with a raised gallery and massive stone seats or benches on either side of it; in this apartment the "*Cours d'Assis*" was held—adjoining was the keep or the main fortress, containing several spacious and airy apartments usually occupied by the governor. Those inhabited by Charles the Second and the famous historian, Clarendon, are still pointed out to the visitor; for this noble fortress, even now, holds its proud head aloft, a rude specimen of ancient architecture, and a most picturesque and interesting object to the eye of the wayfarer, whilst that of its compan-

ion, Gros-nez, has long since been levelled with the dust, the ruined arch of the gate-house and a portion of the wall which surrounded the Bayle or Court alone denoting where it once stood in solitary pride. But we forestall time and events—return we to the most spacious and airy of the apartments in the Castle of Mont Orgueil, usually occupied by the Governor, where, whilst the convivial party already described had assembled round the hospitable hearth of the Seigneur of St. Ouen's, the Captain Nenfant and the Head Warder of the Castle, Roger le Boutilier, sat in busy conference.

“By my troth, Roger,” exclaimed the Governor, “I could scarce have accredited that the Lancastrians would rally so soon after their defeat at Touton! How name they this last disastrous battle? Hexham, were it not?”

“E'en so,” responded the Warder, gloomily, “i'faith, Sir Captain, I cannot help fancying that they'd have done better to have been in



less haste about it, beshrew me, but I begin to think the game's up with them for now and for aye, and if so, we shall have driven a bad bargain with this Sir Pierre de Brézé, after all! He may take possession of his new territory, and we of our rewards and new dignities, but the devil must help him and us too, to hold them, if so be Edward comes to be fairly established on the throne of England!"

"Never be down-hearted man! Swallow another bumper of my stout Burgundy," and Nenfant set him the example. "Bethink thee, Roger, dame Fortune keepeth her wheels in perpetual motion, and mark me, she will yet turn up a prize for Lancaster! She may be a bit freaky or so, and take her time about it, but never mind that, we can afford to wait her humour better than any of them. Sir Pierre de Brézé hath but to ensconce himself, with his followers, within this stout fortress, and the foul fiend is in it, but he can maintain himself here till such time the good cause prevail again!



Edward, though he may now have attained his ill-gotten throne, will have enough to do, I wot, to establish order in his own domains and keep clear of factions, without intermeddling with what passes in this remote part, besides, t'will be easy to cut off all communication with the Islanders by burning all the craft in the harbour, and intercepting such as make for it, by which means England may be kept in ignorance of the chance that hath befallen her colony till it is too late to remedy it. Come, trusty Roger, quaff a bumper to the success of the valiant Queen Margaret!"

"Success," quoth Roger "methinks the toast be somewhat out of season, seeing that we have but just gained tidings of her defeat."

"Well, an it please ye better, Roger, we will drink to the downfall of that proud overbearing rebel, Sir Phillip De Carteret, ah! ah! we shall ensnare him in his pride, bethink thee of that man, the most inveterate foe good King Henry ever had! think'st thou his death would

go unrequited by the haughty Queen Margaret? I tell thee, Roger, thou wilt live to be a great man!"

"Amen!" chimed in Roger, "Now for our toast, 'twill give a pleasanter relish to the Burgundy, though 'tis of too excellent a sort to need any spicing: now to business," he added, replacing the empty goblet on the table, and nodding familiarly, he left the room. Whilst he is absent and the already half inebriated Governor is busily employed quaffing goblet after goblet of his favorite beverage, we will briefly state, that contrary to the prediction of Sir Phillip de Carteret, the Lancastrians had already rallied, and the Battle of Hexham—the last faint struggle on the part of the Lancastrians to regain the throne—had taken place, even before the news of the previous battle of Tooton had reached Jersey, and had ended more completely in their defeat. So far the Islanders, most of whom it has already been said, favored the Yorkist party,

had good cause to rejoice, but ere the good tidings reached them, a danger which they little anticipated was at hand, threatening their lives and liberties and leaving little chance of escape. Sir Pierre de Brézé, with whom Margaret of Anjou had entered into a treaty, as narrated by the Bailli, and discredited by Sir Phillip, finding that he had nothing more to hope from the Queen's promises, was about to return with his followers to France, when his unsatiated ambition inspired him with the project of seizing by force, on a portion of that which was to have been accorded to him as a reward. Accident had made him acquainted with the political opinions of the Governor of Jersey, as well as with the cupidity of his character. With his habitual cunning, he dispatched a trusty follower to sound his opinions, and avail himself with caution of any opening afforded for entering into a negotiation with him to deliver up the island upon terms mutually advantageous. Nenfant, who calculated upon

sooner or later being supplanted in his office by an adherent to the present sovereign, was easily won over by the promises and bribes of the skilful negociator; yet, ere he fully acceded to the proposals, his invincible dread of the Seigneur of St. Ouens, and the brave little band of Islanders, he was about to betray, prompted him to stipulate that the whole affair should be so conducted as to avert all suspicion of connivance on his part; this somewhat difficult plan was rendered feasible by the cunning of his willing coadjutor, Roger Le Boutillier, the head warder, who was to take the most prominent part in the treachery, and share a proportionate reward.

What was the exact tendency of Nenfant's musings during the absence of the warder, it would be difficult to state; such a medley had his fears and the fumes of the wine created in his brain, he could not be said exactly to know himself, though as the latter entered, he exclaimed, in a thick unsteady voice—

“Hath set it all in fair train, good Roger?”

“Aye, that have I, Sir Captain, none be astir throughout the fortress, save the two sentinels, and, trust me, I’ll soon settle them? I know my fellows too well to be at a loss to deal with them on the occasion; but where have you bestowed their night-caps, Sir Captain? ’tis high time they should put them on, seeing the tide be already on the turn, and the ships must come in with it, for the devil a puff doth old Æolus give to help them along! but s’death, I may not thus squander away my time as the spendthrift does his gold, and as surely live to rue it! So, the night-caps, Sir Captain! the night-caps!”

“The night-caps!” hiccuped the Governor with a stupid stare, “God wot thou perplexest me; of a verity I know not of any man’s night-cap save mine own, which, the saint’s willing, I mean anon to put on.”

“And time you should, old dotard,” muttered Roger, then added impatiently, “my meaning

isn't over hard to come at methinks ; the sleeping potion—the hag's phial—where have you bestowed it ?”

“Aye, aye, *de par dieu*, I had well nigh forgot ; it lieth concealed in the corner of the casement : but, good Roger, art sure of its efficacy ?”

“Aye, sure as my name be Roger le Boutillicr ; the old witch dared not deceive me ; nevertheless, I took especial care she should not fathom my purpose, 'less it were through her develries ! To blind her, I have for the last three days sought her to obtain sleeping potions for two of my sick comrades, which said six potions I have taken the liberty of throwing into two, for an especial purpose of mine own, to be this evening administered to each of my sick friends.”

“But Roger, Roger, I say, perhaps it will prove over powerful and destroy life, we should have to answer for the murder of these knaves ; the saints be gracious unto us !” and the timid

Governor crossed himself; though weak and sordid he was not wantonly cruel.

“What then? they’ll not be the first pair of honest fellows whom a sly quietus has carried to another world,” said Roger, with a grim smile, that evinced the ruthlessness of his nature. “Nevertheless, to set your tender conscience at rest, Sir Captain, I vouch, should they not bestir themselves at the fitting time, to fetch this same old witch to the castle, that her spells may counteract the effects of her narcotic.”

“I have no great mind that she should get the entry of the fortress, that said beldame, neither, for though she hath great skill, ’tis said she derived her cunning from dark sources, so that no good can accrue from trusting to it.” Roger vouchsafed a satanical grin in reply, and having found the phial, now stood intently scanning the vast expanse of sky and ocean which surrounded him. A silvery crescent ailed slowly amidst thousands of little sparkling



gems, through the clear azure sky above, and the stilly sea, lighted by its soft rays, looked like a vast mirror, encircling the dark massive walls of the fortress ; presently there came a low sighing sound, and a few graceful ripples, broke over the smooth shining surface of the water, gurgling as they circled round the rugged rocks and walls which obstructed their further progress. It was one of nature's soul-enthral-ling moments, but it sank with no softening or delicious balm into the callous bosom of him who now witnessed it ! an exclamation of glad-ness, burst from his lips, but it was not, as it should have been, inspired by gratitude to the beneficent Being, who, in creat ng the universe, rested not satisfied with calling into existence, that which was merely necessary to the use and comfort of the beings to be placed in it, but also breathed a portion of his own pure bright-ness over all his matchless works, that the immortal soul might, in part, contemplate the blissful scenes that await it when liberated from



the frail tenement in which it undergoes a probation to fit it for eternal bliss or woe!—but this is a digression—return we to Roger le Boutillier, whose exclamation brought the Governor staggering to his side.

“Art sure they be sails, Roger? Prithee point them out to me!”

“Nay, that would be a sinful waste of time, which is just now over precious,” exclaimed Roger, turning on his heel, and walking to the table, where he filled out two goblets of Burgundy, and having thrown an equal quantity of the sleeping draught into each, strode rapidly out of the chamber, down the narrow winding staircase, and up another, till he finally stood beside the sentinel, on the western rampart.

“A fair night, master *Le Gros*! I hope I don’t interrupt thy meditations; but I have brought thee a cup of Burgundy, to wash down the ill will that hath of late existed betwixt us.”

“’Twill be a pleasant way of swallowing it,” replied *Le Gros*, grinning and grasping at

the goblet with the eagerness of a drunkard, "here's long life to thee, Roger le Boutillier and sudden death to all malice atwixt us!" and drained the goblet of its very last drop. "It hath a queerish taste with it, this said Burgundy," he exclaimed, after drawing breath.

"Pshaw! thou art not used to such goodly liquor!" replied Roger and hurried off to seek the other sentinel, taking with him the second drugged goblet, which he had deposited in a niche during his first conference. "I wonder if this fool will swallow the bait as readily as the other?" he said mentally, as he strode across the rampart to where the sentry stood or rather leant.

"So, so, sleeping at your post, master Binet," he exclaimed, slapping him on the shoulder so roughly that the soldier, who had not heard his footsteps, starting with affright, well nigh dropped his arquebuse, "is this the way in which ye look to obtain promotion? by my troth, I think it will be but justice to carry back

thy good fortune in my pocket and bid our Captain bestow it on one who dozeth not at his post."

"I'm not that one, master Roger," replied the soldier, indignantly "if I heard not thy approach, it chanced through zeal in my duty, look yonder and tell me if that be not a white sail under the horizon?"

"A sail?" reiterated Roger in alarm, but he was only for a moment thrown off his guard, "well, mayhap it be and with all my heart! but I have good news for thee, master Binet,—I have obtained the promotion thou hast so long sighed for, and have moreover brought thee a cup of the Captain's best to drink his health in upon the occasion."

"Thy news be pleasant, and doubtless so be the Captain's Burgundy, friend Warder, but I can't just awhile give heed to either the one or the t'other—there be a sail at no great distance or my name's not what it is, and these be troublous times, master Roger, so that it be—

hoves all true partizans of York to keep their eyes open. I did hear that *that French Margaret* of Anjou, the devil mend her for all the English blood she's been the means of shedding, was passing to and fro on the seas to get help from King Louis,—now it might so hap, that she take it into her head to get a footing here, seeing that our Captain is one of her own sort, and—”

“Get a footing in purgatory!” vociferated Roger, utterly loosing patience—“Why, what a dolt art thou, Binet! what in the name of the foul fiend matters it to thee, or the likes of thee, if she do get a footing here! Come, leave off moon or rather sea-gazing, and look upon this pleasant piece of parchment, unless ye would have me carry it back again. As to the Burgundy, sith ye disdain it, I have a customer at no great distance to whom it will be acceptable, so, here's to your health good friend Binet,” and, raising the goblet to his lips, he pretended to drink, but this action passed unnoticed by the

sentinel, whom loyalty to King Edward rendered zealous in the performance of his duty, he kept his eye steadily fixed in the same direction.

“Perdition seize the drivelling knave” muttered Roger,—“An he has no mind to get his death by pleasant Burgundy, he must e’en do so by cold steel. But fair words first and foul ones after, he may give an alarum.—“Master Binet” he continued in a tone intended to be jocose, “I pray ye be so good as to state briefly whether so be ye purpose availing yourself of your good fortune or not, as I do not purpose standing here all night to coax ye to it, I promise,—so, for the last time, here’s the parchment constituting ye Head Warder of Gros-nez Castle—and here’s the goblet from which ye must drink to the Captain’s health, and your own future prosperity. No luck comes so freely as that which is courted over the cup, here! drink man! ere the goodly liquor tempt mine own palate” and he proffered both goblet and parchment as he spoke. Binet made a

rapid movement of his arm and turned quickly round to address Roger, who, with a grin of eager satisfaction, held forth the goblet, but the former pushed it impatiently from him—"Out upon thy Burgundy," he exclaimed, "go, sound the alarum! there be no less than three sails making for the harbour!"

"Sound thy death-note rather," vociferated Roger with ungovernable rage, at the same moment throwing the goblet and the parchment from him, and wresting the arquebuse from Binet, who taken completely by surprise, did not recover his presence of mind till the weapon was hurled over the battlement.

"Art mad, Roger" he exclaimed, in stupid surprise.

Roger replied but by a stunning blow on the temple, which brought the unfortunate soldier to the ground in an instant; he then placed his knee on the breast of the prostrate man, and unsheathing his blade, pointed it at his throat. "Wilt cry King Henry and hold thy peace as

to what is going on? ” he demanded fiercely.

Binet struggled to free himself—“ Wouldst slay me? ” he said gaspingly.

“ Aye! if thou wilt not cry King Henry! ”

“ That will I not, so help me God and our Lady ” replied the stout-hearted soldier, making a most desperate effort to rise.

“ Then go, cry it in hell! ” shouted Roger, lifting high his blade, he plunged it through the ribs of his powerless victim, then drew it forth reeking with gore, to strike again; but Binet endued with supernatural strength by rage and despair, shook off his ruthless assassin, and starting to his feet laid hold of the upraised arm; Roger, not less desperate and active than himself, transferred the weapon to his other hand, and struck a second mortal blow. The unfortunate sentinel tried to raise an alarm, but with a shudder and convulsive gasp reeled backwards, and the next moment was stretched on the ground a corpse. Roger stood for some seconds with his weapon still raised as if about



to strike again, but the broad moonbeams fell full upon the countenance of the dead man, fearfully revealing its distortion and adding to its lividness. "Thou'st had enow, master Binet," he exclaimed, with a savage ribaldry, not less revolting than the cold-blooded deed he had just committed, "Thou'st had enow! better have cried King Henry, methinks,"—and turning upon his heel he quitted the scene of blood, and repaired to the western rampart for the purpose of ascertaining if the drugged liquor had done its work upon the other unsuspecting sentinel.

"Ha! what more blood" he exclaimed, as he heard the besotted voice of Le Gros as if in contention, "Why, this cursed fellow must have the head of an ox!—what if he should have drawn attention by his foolery!" and he grasped his blade hurriedly, advancing with caution to where Le Gros stood ensconced between the sentry-box and the wall, evidently with a view of keeping his equilibrium; his



heart beat freer when he found that the drunken man was uttering his jeers, curses, and threats to an imaginary opponent,—“ Better dispatch him though ! ” muttered Roger, “ A little blood is soon wiped off, and we have no time to spare, and he’s prating still ! No, by the Lord,—there he goeth at last ! ”—he shouted aloud, as the sentinel, wholly overcome by the draught, fell heavily to the ground. “ A pleasant waking to ye, master Le Gros, wherever it may be !—and now for the harbour and then—and then for my reward !—i’faith, I always said I was born to greatness, tho’ my dad, God rest him, foretold me a gallows—what would he say if he was to step out of his grave some time hence and see his hopeful son lording it over a fair manor of his own, and bedizened with a Bailli’s robe of office, and dictating to them he was wont to obey. God wot ! he’d ope wide his eyes and scamper back to his grave faster than he came out of it ! ” and chuckling at his own imagined wit, Roger next turned back to the Governor,

whom he found nodding in his seat, and on whom he bestowed so hearty a shake, that, starting up in alarm, he implored mercy.

“Ha! ha! ha!” burst forth Roger, “I gage my head but you fancied yourself in the gripe of the Seigneur of St. Ouen, backed by the whole tribe of Islanders! were it not so, valiant Captain?”

“Thou dost give thy tongue over much license, master Roger, and art apt to overlook the distance between us.”

“Nay, that be not over great at the present moment, Captain, meseems” interrupted Roger drily, but seeing a dark cloud gather, he added facetiously with his usual cunning, “seeing that my elbow but this moment knocked against yours!” The Governor affected to laugh.

“True, good Roger—but a truce to badinage—hast thou arranged all that be needful to the success of our plot?”

“Aye, that have I, the saints be praised for their goodly help, and ye must now betake

ye to your bed, Sir Captain, since ii be so ordered that ye are to be taken prisoner, a helpless, sleeping, unsuspecting man, and I, having the broadest shoulders, am to bear the heaviest weight of responsibility and suspicion, and like an untrustworthy warder—as God wot I am right willing on this occasion to be—am to go roaming abroad at dead of night, and leave the portals unbarred till my return; but meanwhile, the enemy land, and get in before me; the sentinels (base traitors!) having both got drunk on their post. So must go the story of our defence. The saints alone can tell how far t'will clear me in the eyes of the Islanders, but *n'importe!* I should like to see who would dare lay a finger on me! They might trample on Roger le Boutillier *mâitre portier du Château*, but Roger le Boutillier, the worshipful Bailli of the goodly Isle of Jersey, the Seigneur of the most extensive manor it boasteth of, and moreover, countenanced and supported by the valiant Sir Pierre de Brézé,

Count de Maulevrier and Lord of the Channel Islands, will be able to turn the tables upon them, or the deuce is in it."

"Aye, aye, that will ye, good Roger, that will ye," chuckled the Governor, "and I, as his deputy, in the equally goodly Isle of Guernsey, may in like manner set their malice at defiance. A pack of rascally traitors as they be, forsooth, to forsake good King Henry for a wild, goose-pated stripling, like he of York; still, though I do not much fear them, 't were as well to keep the part I have in the transfer of their liberties a secret, seeing with how great a variety of persecutions they may have it in their power to assail me; and I tell thee what, Roger—"

"I crave your pardon, Sir Captain, ye must e'en cease your information for the present; let me help ye to your chamber, seeing that I have my doubts of your capability of getting there alone." As Roger spoke he took the lamp from the table, and almost dragged his

besotted superior to his sleeping apartment and here leaving him to sleep off the effects of the wine, we will follow the more active and cold-blooded traitor, who next provided himself with a dark lanthorn, as well as with materials for kindling a fire, and then repaired to the harbour: when arrived at a sheltered spot fit for his purpose, he looked around to assure himself that none lurked near; he also examined his arquebuse, then laid it on the ground whilst he heaped together the combustible materials he had brought<sup>2</sup>; ere he applied the lighted match he again looked cautiously around, but nought broke the dead silence of night, save the murmuring of the waves, as they rolled in one after another over the pebbly beach.

“Now De Brézé, now De Brézé is your time!” he muttered, as a bright flame shot up into the air beside him: “Ye have but to follow your nose to obtain what ye grasp at! May St. Helerius speed thee, for should my signal warn more eyes than be intended, I may

come off somewhat the worse; and should that meddlesome Seigneur of St. Ouen get a scent of what's going on, we should have him about our ears in the twinkling of an eye, and every piece upon the batteries going off as though the devil was in them, even though he had it all to do himself; but for the matter of that, there isn't a man in the fortress that would not stick to him, and then, beshrew me, if De Brézé, or a whole army of De Brézé's would make good a landing; — but lo! here they come! gallantly on, gallantly on, my boys! i'faith but old Neptune be a good natured fellow after all; who would have thought them so near at hand? one, two, three, here they come! Now, Sir Phillip, ye are over matched, I guess! 'twill be useless for ye to kick against the authority of De Brézé when the stout rampart of Mont Orgueil be atwixt ye, so ye have no choice but to submit your proud neck to the yoke, or lose thy head, and mayhap, thy goodly manor may be given as a reward to the faithful

Warder of the castle, the now despised foster-brother of thy hopeful son, whose kicks and foul words I may then return with interest". Thus soliloquising, he watched the progress of the vessels, which favored by wind and tide, ran directly into the harbour without making a single tack. So bright shone the moon and her attendant planets, that towering above a number of rapidly moving forms on the deck of the first, and largest of the vessels, was plainly seen the plumed helmet and bright armour of the leader, Sir Pierre De Brézé, than whom a bolder or more bloody-minded soldier France had, with few exceptions, produced ; nor was his countenance an unfaithful index of his mind ; none who ever gazed on it when under the excitement of passion, would voluntarily look on it again. He now crossed the forecastle, and waved his arm, as if in command that none should follow him ; all fell back in respectful silence. Placing his hand on the broad hilt of his sword, he stepped on the



rude pier, and after turning an observant eye on all around, evidently on his guard against treachery, he advanced to where Boutillier stood. His vizor was raised, and the silvery moonbeams fell on his swarthy features, yet not even their placid light could soften down the harshness so peculiar to them: without vouchsafing a reply to the courteous greeting of the Warder, who stood cap in hand to receive him; he for some seconds intently scrutinized his countenance, and as though he there found that which at once satisfied his doubts and accorded with his wishes, he gave the word of command for the disembarkation of his little troop, which was effected with the utmost celerity and good order; as the last of his soldiers landed, De Brézé addressed Roger for the first time.

“Now, Master Warder, we must trust ourselves to thy guidance; be faithful to thy promise, and thou hast the word of a knight for the instant payment of thy rich reward, even



to the last *dernier*—a goodly seigneurie of thine own choosing, and the civil dignity thou cravest—but mark me! betray us, and that moment is thy last!”

“I value my plighted faith as much as ye do, Sir Pierre,” replied Roger coldly, for with his usual cunning, he had already learnt the character of the man he had to deal with: “if ye mistrust me, return to your vessels,—if ye trust me, march forward to the castle, the road is clear,—the gates open to receive ye, the garrison asleep in their beds, including our good Captain, I warrant, considering the quantity of wine he hath quaffed to your success; but of this I warn ye, ye have no time to lose, if ye purpose a sally by morn, and there be some one or two heads of manors I could name, for whom a little prison discipline will be needful to bring them to your way of thinking.”

Giving the order to march, de Brézé took Roger’s arm; too old, and too wily a soldier to trust to any man’s promise, he was quite

determined to let the Warder see that his life would be the instant forfeit of any treachery he might meditate. Roger was too acute not to penetrate the motive through this seeming act of familiarity, but he chose to proceed, as though unconscious of it. During the latter part of this dialogue, a tall figure enveloped in a dark mantle, crept cautiously behind a projecting rock, so near to the speakers as to overhear what was said; it remained in a crouching posture till the last file of soldiers passed by; it then stood erect, and the pale moonbeams fell on the withered, attenuated features of La Blanche Vêtue. Not a moment did she pause, but muttering — “Accursed villain!” she started forward in the same direction as the invaders, but by a less circuitous path—path it could not be called, for seldom had the foot of man passed over the reef of rugged sloping rocks, along and through which she threaded her way with the fearlessness and activity of an Alpine hunter. It

seemed as familiar to her as though it were a daily frequented path, instead of a wild dangerous haunt, to which the boldest adventurers rarely chose to resort, though it abounded with fowl and pigeons. As La Blanche Vêtue, like a squirrel seemed to jump from one rocky projection to another, or strided over the loose shingle of the beach, whenever, as was often the case, the chain of rocks was interrupted by a few feet of level ground, her thoughts seemed as actively employed as her limbs, and she muttered with passionate vehemence, "Base sordid wretch, thus to sell the heart's blood of thy countrymen! And thou hast dared to make me thy unwitting tool, or I much mistake me; aye, aye, those sleeping draughts, with which I have supplied thee from day to day were for no sick comrade: I see it all! I see it all!—but have a care, Roger le Boutillier—none ever yet cajoled La Blanche Vêtue that did not live to rue it! I will outwit thee even now—the gates be unbarred and the garrison

asleep thou sayest, see that when thou arrivest the drawbridge be not up, and the garrison astir!" Though thus communing with herself with angry vehemence, she neither slackened her pace, nor stumbled over the many impediments to her progress, till she reached a spot where, by the sudden termination of the chain of rocks; some thirty yards of level beach presented itself, and a second more precipitous ridge took rise and terminated at the causeway already described, as joining the fortress to the main land, here her further progress was interrupted by the tide which had outstript her—"Ah! my malediction light on thee!" she exclaimed, "but wherefore, wherefore should I curse? 'Tis not of man's doing! I might have kept better account of time. She turned back as she spoke, retraced her steps for a hundred yards, then clambered with some caution to a second more elevated ridge which projected out as it were from the road above. "I have left them behind

me and may yet baffle the traitor" she exclaimed, at length pausing as she reached the termination of her dangerous path,—scarce had she uttered the last word than she started back and raised her arms wildly in the air—"May the hands wither that have been busy here!" she ejaculated, stretching forth a bony arm towards a portion of the wall which formed a barrier for the safety of passengers on the high road above, and which bore evident traces of having been recently repaired just where the ridge was terminated by a narrow chain of rocks, which suddenly towering two hundred feet above and running as it were directly athwart it, formed the causeway which connected the fortress with the land. In the morning a considerable breach was visible in the angle of the wall, indicated by the movement of La Blanche Vêtue's arm, through which many an idle youngster, making stepping stones of the loose fragments, might be seen scram-

bling down to the rocks, along which she had so actively made her way, now it was filled up. Some half-dozen workmen had during the day been employed in expediting the repair. It was by clambering up through this breach that La Blanche Vêtue calculated on reaching the causeway and being able to raise the draw-bridge, before Roger, who conducted the enemy along the high road, could arrive. But, alas! she was foiled in her undertaking at the very moment she thought it all but accomplished ; an expression of wild anger and disappointment passed over her furrowed brow—“The power of doing evil is more freely given than the power to do good!” she muttered, as the tramp of armed men passed over her head and clattered still more loudly on the rocky causeway—“Blind wilfull mortals,” she added vehemently, “puffed up with the pride of your own hearts, you will listen to nought but its dictates! St. Ouen, ye have despised my warn-

ing again! Again will ye rue it—all I can do for thee now is to forewarn thee! thou wilt need to look to thy ways!"—and she retraced her rough path with the same noiseless celerity.

## CHAPTER IV.

Ere morning dawned over the hospitable mansion of St. Ouen's, Sir Phillip de Carteret was aroused from a sound slumber by a clamor shrill and terrible as the cry of desolation which arose in Rama, when the sword of a pusillanimous tyrant smote thousands of innocent and unoffending victims—loud, sonorous, and overwhelming as the ravings of a winter's storm round the beetling brows and through the yawning chasms of the mighty Alps. Mingling discordantly together was the shrill blast upon the horn, accompanied by blows dealt furiously



at the outer gates as if to force them in. The piercing lamentations of women and the wailing moans and sharper cries of children added to the impatient shouts of men, and the deep baying of full twenty dogs, aroused like their master by the horrid congregation of sounds which assailed them from without. The Knight started from his bed, the discussions of the previous evening flashed across his mind, and a fearful presentiment of the truth smote upon his heart with a feeling akin to terror, we had well nigh said, but the word could not be applied to the lion-heart of Sir Phillip De Carteret. Dreading, yet impatient to hear the worst, he hurried from his sleeping apartment and met his son, as well as most of the household flocking to the hall, some holding lights and others grasping their weapons, imagining that the manor was beset by foes. Sir Phillip however was fully aware that the clamour then raised proceeded from friends, but how soon enemies might follow, he scarce dared to think. Edward too

seemed to comprehend the fatal truth—after exchanging a look with his father, he, without proffering a word, accompanied him to the court yard, and assisted in withdrawing the massive chains, when in rushed a dense mass of men, women, and children, like an impetuous torrent that has just burst through its barrier. It was not until the confusion of full a hundred voices striving to be heard through the din and all speaking at once had subsided, that Sir Phillip comprehended the full extent of the misfortunes which had befallen on that disastrous night—"The French!—*the Fortress!*—*La Blanche Vêtue!*—were the only intelligible words uttered by the affrighted crowd, on whom however silence was soon, and as if by magic, imposed, by the appearance of *La Blanche Vêtue* herself; even the children hushed their cries at her name. This singular woman walked up to Sir Phillip with an expression of grief and triumph on her scarce earthly countenance, "Perverse mortal," she exclaimed

“ I come to announce to ye the reward of your incredulity ! The ruthless Pierre de Brézé and his lawless *escorceurs* be safe within your stronghold ! full two thousand in number ! these weary eyes beheld them conducted thither by the traitor, Le Boutillier ! If so be it doth not please ye to play the scoffer still, look to your Castle of Gros-nez, muster your serfs and march to the town. At day-break they purpose sallying forth. Speed thee St. Ouen, and let thy fortitude and thy courage make amends for the misery thy perverse disbelief hath brought upon thy countrymen ! ”—thus saying, she made her way through the crowd without much difficulty, for every one unconsciously shrunk back at her approach.

Sir Phillip listened to her bitter invective without interruption, his eye-balls distended, his hands firmly clenched, and the cold drops of moisture trickling from his brow, “ Within the fortress ! ” he at length ejaculated. “ Ha ! there hath been double treachery here ! traitor !

thrice cursed traitor ! and thou, vile dastard, Nenfant — sold — betrayed ! — holy Virgin, the blood courses like molten lead through my veins at the thought ! To arms, knaves ! to arms ! with God's aid we will yet strike a blow for our liberty." The serfs eagerly pressed forward. "That will we !" they shouted manfully ; St. Ouen, be our Captain, and lead us to liberty or death !"

"Amen !" responded the sonorous voice of the Knight ; "and now to Gros-nez, my masters ; bid the armourer equip ye for an affray half of ye with cross-bows and half with partizans and arquebuses ; in half an hour let me, find ye equipped ready to march to St. Helierius to face the foe, and may God and our lady prosper our arms."

The serfs with a shout for liberty prepared to depart, but their wives clinging around them with renewed terror and lamentation, besought them to stay and protect them and their little ones. Sir Phillip was moved at the scene, but

he said in a stern voice: "How now, my good dames! would you see your husbands bow their necks to the yoke they despise, like so many timid brute beasts? Now, out upon ye! let them depart in God's name; and for yourselves, enter here, and supplicate the Virgin in their behalf." The women shamed into passive obedience, released their grasp, and with heads drooping on their grief-stricken bosoms, they suffered themselves to be conducted into the house, followed by their children. The young Seigneur of Anneville and two or three holders of minor fiefs, who with their families had also hurried to St. Ouens for protection, now made their way up to him, one of whom questioned the prudence of marching into the town, advising rather that they should transport provisions to Gros-nez Castle, and defend themselves therein."

"And what would our so doing avail?" asked Sir Phillip. "Merely to defer our own slaughter for a week at most, and give the rest

of our countrymen up to immediate death—nay, by our lady, we will live or die together.”

“Right, right, Sir Phillip,” rejoined d’Anneville, “act henceforth as our Captain and we will follow wheresoever ye lead !”

“Aye, to the death,” responded every man present.

“Thanks, thanks, messieurs,” said Sir Phillip hurriedly, “let me then pray of ye to arm and collect your serfs with what diligence ye may, then muster at the Castle that we may march in a body to the town,—your dames and daughters here present will meanwhile stay to partake our hospitality whilst God gives my poor manor means of affording it;” now messieurs to our duty.”

“One word more my good friend,” said D’Anneville “the safe maintenance of our Castle of Gros-nez will henceforth be of too great importance for it to be merely tenanted by frightened women, and as we now look upon ye as our Captain, Sir Phillip, it is most

fitting that ye should take the command and fix your residence there."

"Even so! even so!" unanimously added the Seigneurs present.

"And be it so" said Sir Phillip, "messieurs, I shall rejoin ye at Gros-nez anon: and thou, my boy," he continued, turning to his son, "get thy steed saddled, don thine own harness, and with our friend D'Anneville ride for thy life to Gros-nez Castle, see that the garrison bestir themselves, fire two pieces to arouse such as in remoter parts of the Isle wot not of what be passing, then speed ye one in one direction and the other in another, from manor to manor, and enjoin the Seigneurs to arm their serfs without a moment's delay, let them all assemble in the *Halle au blé*, I will join them with my men-at-arms as soon as I have established the foundation of order here, thou seest we shall be presently inundated" pointing to an influx of men, women, and children, through the gateway, "God speed ye" and Sir Phillip entered



the house, from whence he in a very short time issued in a complete suit of armour. His noble steed, Rolla, stood impatiently pawing the ground at the door, and the Knight was about to throw himself into the saddle, when the tall graceful form of Jacqueline was seen gliding through the porch, her beautiful countenance betraying deep anxiety: "Uncle, dear uncle," she exclaimed, "tell me, in God's name, what has befallen us."

"The most dire of all calamities. Our fortress hath been betrayed into the hands of de Brézé"—

"The FORTRESS!" she ejaculated; "now God be merciful unto us;" and her head sank upon her bosom.

"Nay, rouse thee dear wench, thou hast the blood of the de Carterets in thy veins and lackest not courage! arouse thee, and by thy fortitude reassure these trembling dames, and our poor little Margery—and hark thee, Jacqueline, we must forthwith remove to Gros-



nez ; let me find thee there on my return, with only such portion of our household as he absolutely needful — for the accommodation be but scanty. Bid welcome to all who seek shelter here, till every chamber be filled—the saints be with thee !” and the knight, who had whilst speaking flung himself into the saddle, galloped off.

“May God give strength to thy arm !” murmured Jacqueline, vainly straining her eyes through the dim twilight to watch the retreating form of one so dear to her ; then brushing away the tears, which gushed from her very heart, she prayed to Heaven for strength of mind, to fulfil his wishes, and whilst she with the true spirit of a de Carteret does overcome her own griefs and fears to assuage those of the more timid natures around her, we will follow Sir Phillip. As he and his stout band of retainers traversed the dreary plain on which the castle was situated, the beacons kindled on the Mont de la Ville, as well as on the high

land at Gros-nez, threw a livid glare over the murky sky, and not until the flames had subsided did the pale rosy clouds which precede the rising sun become visible in the eastern horizon. The dark veil of night seemed to withdraw itself more slowly than wont, as if reluctant that the sweet smiling morning sky should peer forth upon the scene of desolation, woe and terror, which its sable sister had so treacherously suffered to befall the peaceful inmates of so fair an Isle.

Buoyed up by excitement, and the energy which the presence of danger never failed to inspire, Sir Phillip, as he galloped over the plain called all the resources of his strong mind to his aid ; he suffered his thoughts to dwell less on the misfortune which had actually accrued, than on those which were likely to follow ; to avert, or mitigate which, was now his aim, and already had he coped with difficulties which to any other mind, would have seemed insurmountable, and that too, not in

detail but at one single glance, as though the future with its store of ills, had been spread out before him like a *carte du pays*, on which he could trace the course best to pursue, and mark the shoals to be avoided. Thus, when he arrived in view of the men assembled and under arms at Gros-nez, his manner and appearance were so calm, collected, and decided that they inspired confidence, where nought but apprehension and despondency prevailed before. Giving to his band all the imposing character of martial array which the hurried preparation for strife admitted of, he marched them into the town ; on nearing which, the scenes of consternation and despair that had frequently interrupted their progress, became more distressing and more universal, mothers pressing their weeping infants to their bosoms, and screening their little half naked forms from the chill morning air, under the cloaks which they had but just allowed themselves time to wrap around them, and trying to silence the

more noisy lamentations of other little hapless beings, who, without shoes or stockings, and almost in a state of nudity, tottered along by their side—daughters and sons supporting the steps of infirm parents, and in some instances, carrying on mattresses or litters, dear ones whose strength the hand of sickness had prostrated. Some there were, who having no ties of kindred or affection for whom their anxiety was awakened, had laden themselves with as much of their moveable property as they were able to carry—some there were also, who prizing *earthly possessions* more than *human affections*, left their families to take care of themselves, and might be seen not only staggering beneath the loads they carried but driving their live stock before them towards Gros-nez. Every mouth was open to tell the gloomy news: the French had already sallied out, and were scouring the parishes in the immediate neighbourhood of the fortress, pillaging houses and taking prisoners; leaving

the hearths of those who offered resistance stained with their blood. The Seigneur Méleche, with his dame on a pillion behind him, and his two daughters mounted on a tall gaunt grey horse riding at his side, brought up the rear, and confirmed these statements, adding, that they had seen the Seigneur of Senmaresq, the Bailli, and two provosts conducted prisoners to the fortress. Sir Phillip urged him to collect together such of his serfs as had accompanied him in his flight, and the ladies to proceed on with the crowd of other women and children to his manor, he then hurried on to join the armed assemblage who had arrived before him in the *halle au blé*, or corn market. It will perhaps be as well here to take a bird's-eye view of the town of St. Helerius, with this name was dignified an irregular mass of low thatched houses, in the centre of which was a square with the hostelry of "The Knight and the Dragon" at one end, and a church of heavy Norman architecture

which remains to this day at the other. The *Halle au blé* formed an outlet conducting to a plain of some little extent to the left, and was a small flagged square with a range of high, substantially built stores on either side. It was probably owing to the harbour being commodious and in a central parish that the Islanders had been induced to build here, for, in other respects, the site was particularly ill chosen, the ground lying so low that the town might be said to stand in a ravine, formed by the Mont Patibulaire to the west, and the Mont de la Ville to the east. Its situation however was of no small advantage to it on the present desperate emergency, as a body of archers stationed on the latter height could give a very considerable check to an enemy advancing from the fortress, and Sir Phillip having exchanged a brief greeting with his friends, dispatched a party of his best bowmen, headed by Edward, to take up a position there, with injunctions to throw themselves flat on the ground, so as not to be seen

by the foe till within reach of their arrows. The remainder of his little force was divided into two parts; the Seigneurs of Trinity and Montville commanded the arbalisters, while Sir Phillip seconded by d'Anneville headed such as were accustomed to the use of the partizan and long ungainly Norman sword. On a second preconcerted signal being given from the Mount the standard of England was unfurled, two or three rude musical instruments were sounded and the brave Islanders rushed out upon the foe at the same moment that Edward and his arbalisters, springing to their feet, showered down destructive volleys with a skill and celerity that would have done credit to the Spartan band. The leader of the Escorceurs lured into security by the account Nenfant had given of their defenceless state of the Island, as well as by the belief that the tidings of their invasion could not have become general, or that even if they had time would not have been afforded the inhabitants to recover from the consternation into which



they must have been thrown, much less to have collected a well-organized band to oppose their further designs, was little prepared to meet so furious an onset. De Brézé indeed hesitated what course to pursue, the startling thought that he had been treacherously dealt with by Nenfant, and that the garrison would probably rise and massacre the soldiers he had left in the fortress, decided him on an instant retreat, that he might, if he found his suspicions confirmed, take to the ships lying at anchor off Gory Bay. The Islanders ascribing, as well they might, this hasty retreat to a disinclination to continue the contest, followed them up with shouts, pouring in volley after volley of flight arrows, which evidently did their work, for many a disabled soldier was raised and supported on the horses of those who were mounted. Having passed the plain and gained the top of an adjacent hill, De Brézé's troops however faced about and discharged their arrows, which wounded several who were foremost in the pur-



suit. The lives of the Islanders were too precious to their leader to be wantonly sacrificed, he commanded a halt and then led his Spartan band slowly towards the town. They had scarcely retraced a quarter of a mile when a fugitive leaped from an embankment, ran at full speed across the road, and sprung over that on the opposite side as if to escape them. He was not in military attire and the Knight supposing he was some frightened serf, who mistook his party for a band of the invaders, shouted out to him to come back, but the runaway only increased his speed. A general outcry accompanied by the most vehement execrations soon made known the name and condition of the fugitive.

“ Roger le Boutillier! *le maitre portier du Chateau, a bas le traître!* ” - with these exclamations two or three horsemen spurred their steeds over the embankment in pursuit of the traitorous warder, who, notwithstanding all his cunning and precaution, had contrived to run

into the very lion's mouth. He had undertaken to guide de Brézé to the town and thence to the manor of St. Ouen, the ultimatum of his wishes—but on the first rush so unexpectedly made by the Islanders, he took to flight, and had lain *perdu* for some hours, until judging from the total silence that had succeeded to the bustle and shouting of the affray that either the Islanders had been conquered and made prisoners, or reduced to the necessity of flight, he cautiously began to make his way back to the fortress, avoiding the high road till it became necessary to cross it to gain the fields on the opposite side, through which he intended to take a short cut to the castle. A whole army of spectres could not have terrified him more than did the unlooked for appearance of Sir Phillip's band, he ran as man had never ran before, leaped over a second embankment and cleared half a second field—but 'twas all to no purpose, the Seigneur d'Anneville, the best horseman in the Island, was close at his heels, and the fugitive at

length dropped from sheer terror and exhaustion; he was unceremoniously dragged back half-dead with his exertions.

“*Ah, scellerât fieffé!*” exclaimed Sir Phillip, the moment he stood before him, “By our blessed St. Helerius, thou shalt have thy reward! bind him hand and foot my good fellows: four of you march him to Gros-nez, and see that ye pick out the deepest dungeon-hole to thrust him into; the worst will be too good for his cowardly carcass!” The abject Warder grew even paler than before, and suffered himself to be bound and placed on a horse, without proffering a word, or offering the slightest resistance. All the blustering rhodomontade, the high toned bravado, that imposed on the credulous Nenfant, entirely forsook him in the hour of peril. He felt that his doom was fixed—that he had nought but a traitor’s death to expect, and he suffered the jeers of his captors to pass unnoticed, as though unwilling to gratify them by manifesting the slightest degree

of annoyance at their repeated insults ; in this manner he was conducted to the dungeon which he with rage and dismay now contemplated as the reward of his treachery. Meanwhile, Sir Phillip and his brave followers had again assembled in the *halle au ble'*, but the joy their success had just occasioned, was now damped by the certain information that all the vessels and small craft lying in the harbour had been captured or destroyed, thus cutting off the hope that sustained their spirits in some degree, of sending to implore aid from the mother country—murmurs of despair mingling with sentences indicative of a determination to surrender and make the best terms they could with de Brézé, were very generally heard—sorrow and indignation swelled the proud breast of de Carteret, but did not daunt it, and he whispered to his son—

“ Edward ! an this supineness take possession of our knaves, we may look on ourselves as lost ! I must even turn orator, and see if so be I

can shame them out of it," and mounting his steed, he signified his intention of addressing a few words to his friends and countrymen in general, before they separated; this announcement produced a respectful silence, and raising his sonorous voice to its highest pitch, he addressed those around him in a pithy speech, full of the daring energy of his character and suited to the reckless, uncultivated manners of the Islanders. His muscular frame was peculiarly adapted to display the unwieldy armour in which his limbs were cased, and of which the island chief was not a little vain: his coat of linked mail, his sollerets, breast-plate, gauntlets, and shield, glittered in the sunbeams, betraying no lack of attention on the part of his esquire. He had disencumbered his head of the heavy casque, and gazed around him with a frank fearless mien; his lofty forehead, sparingly besprinkled with locks of silvery whiteness, his dark flashing eye and strongly marked Roman cast of features, now excited by energy and danger,

gave him the appearance of one of those doughty champions of the darker ages, whose name spread terror and whose arm dealt destruction. His address was received with shouts long and loud, and he was on the spot unanimously proclaimed Captain of the Island, in lieu of the hated N enfant. Sir Phillip thanked his countrymen in a few words, and assured them, that henceforth all his thoughts, all his time, and all his possessions should be devoted to their service. The second burst of applause which this announcement called forth was followed by a half serious, half ironical inquiry on the part of the Seigneur of Trinité as to the course he meant to pursue, as he felt totally incapable of forming any feasible plan for holding out a defence, and indeed, looked upon the attempt itself as little better than an act of stubborn folly that would only serve to bring down a severer visitation on their heads. The knight repressed the choler rising in his proud

dauntless breast, and replied, with calm rebuke,—

“Heaven hath prospered our first attempt to defend our rights, wherefore should we despair for the future?”

“Wherefore? *the wherefore* is but too apparent meseems! ’tis true, that by brute force assembled together in arms, we may prove a match for our foes, but when dispersed and retired to our respective hearths what is to prevent them from falling on us and slaughtering us in our beds, with as little difficulty as a pack of butchers would slaughter a flock of sheep in their pens? for we be just about as defenceless, now that our fortress is gone; as to Gros-nez it might in a couple of hours be forced to surrender to a hundred determined men and a few battering pieces.”

“Not whilst it containeth my living body,” said the knight determinately; “but this is idle talk — Messires, ye have chosen me as your



leader, and I crave your patience whilst I explain to ye my plans, and, with God's mercy, I anticipate happier results than ye seem to do—I allow the truth of what my friend Trinité hath urged; the enemy no doubt calculate on surprising us by night, but I do not purpose that they should find us like so many *sheep* prepared for slaughter! No; my plan is to make the two central parishes our boundary line, along which a strong guard must be established to be relieved every six hours; I would also station videttes between it and the fortress,—St. Helerius and Gros-nez, so that a constant communication be kept up and thus enable every man to gather to the rescue when needed. I would also urge upon ye the utility of at once setting about constructing some sort of outworks to protect the territory we mean to maintain and divide from that which we be forced to give up.” He was here interrupted by the Seigneur of Rozel, who half-sneeringly observed, “that no doubt all present

could see the utility of such a measure, but he thought not one could point out its practicability."

"God wot, ye fever me de Rozel !" exclaimed the unconquerable knight; "an ye will permit, I will explain how it be practicable : I purpose to convert the convent in the parish adjacent to this into a military store ; ye must be aware that the waste land there for about a mile takes a sudden rise, so that it would be easy to cast up an entrenchment as far as to where the ravine commences, and which, extending to the sea, ye will grant, must of itself be a sufficient obstacle to the progress of friend or foe ; I would also raise a sort of bastion, a *sort* I say, for we must not calculate on displaying the skill of an engineer on the occasion, if the thing answers our purpose, 'tis all we require ; and what I want is to be able to remove a couple of falconets from Gros-nez to the Mont de la Ville, and post them on the side which commands the entrance to the town, they could not fail of

telling well in her defence,—D'Anneville," he continued, addressing his young friend, "thou art a book-worm as well as a soldier, and hast got thy education in the schools of Italy and France, mayhap thy wit may assist me here, better than mine own; so I beseech ye and all such as approve of my projects, repair with me to the Mount, we may there better mature our plan."

All save D'Anneville shook their heads doubtingly; all concurred in the utility of the project, but to their less capacious minds, it seemed an undertaking of such magnitude, that its accomplishment was altogether out of the question; not so Sir Phillip: he was too dauntless, too active-minded for obstacles to thwart his purpose. All followed him to the Mont de la Ville, though none save D'Anneville entered heartily into his plans; but, from the clear head and quick comprehension of the latter, he derived all the assistance he anticipated, The site of his intended fortification being fixed on,

Sir Phillip, to prove how much he was in earnest, set instantly about the undertaking, and, in an incredibly short time, the Mount presented a scene of busy toil: here might be seen a party of his retainers throwing up the soil; at a short distance, another breaking stones in a quarry, which were as instantly transported by a third to the spot required, whilst a fourth employed them in constructing a rude, but as it afterwards proved, a most useful outwork. The indefatigable Seigneur of St. Ouen was not satisfied with being a mere director, but exchanging his sword for a pick-axe, and disencumbering himself of such parts of his armour as fettered his limbs too tightly, he joined in the laborious toil of the workmen with the strength of a Hercules; the young Seigneur of Anneville as well as Edward followed his example and laboured with all their might by his side; but to their one stroke the active Knight dealt full three, and without one half the expenditure of strength. When

they had thus toiled together for some hours, Sir Phillip dispatched Edward at the head of about twenty of their men to reconnoitre, in consequence of a report made by a little knot of frightened serfs, who arrived breathlessly in the town from one of the remotest eastern parishes, and who stated that they had been pursued by a troop of soldiers who were foraging at a distance of about two miles. The shadows of evening soon after began to gather round the mount, and leaving d'Anneville to superintend the work thus actively commenced, he rejoined his friends in the *halle au ble'*, where in fear of a second attack from their foes they kept themselves armed at the head of their retainers. Sir Phillip was desirous of making the arrangements he deemed indispensable for the night, and with his usual disinterestedness offered to take the command of the guard, but this proposition was overruled. As their captain he was urged by his brother feudatories to maintain the castle of Gros-nez, leaving to them the duty of

defending the town. As it was a post of danger to be in turn shared by all, the Seigneur of Trinité suggested drawing lots to decide in what order the arduous duty should devolve—chance designed himself as the first by whom it was to be encountered

## CHAPTER V.

Having visited each parish to see that something approaching to confidence and order was established amongst the terror-stricken families of the serfs on his own fief, and that they had all, to the utmost extent of which their dwellings were capable, given a shelter to their houseless brethren, Sir Phillip, exhausted in mind and body, wended his way to the castle. Here a truly cheerless welcome awaited him ; his domestics were still too much under the influence of fear to exert themselves to arrange the various goods and commodities which had



been removed from St. Ouen, and it was through a heterogeneous assemblage of paniers, chests, and furniture, that he made his way to an upper apartment where Jacqueline and Margaret and their tire-women sat huddled together, as if for mutual protection, looking the very picture of sorrow and dismay, their teeth chattering and their limbs trembling from cold and fear, for in their confusion no one had thought of kindling a fire on the black desolate hearth, which looked as though a cheerful blaze had never brightened it, or the walls of the damp, gloomy apartment.

The moment the impassioned Jacqueline caught sight of her uncle, she threw herself into his arms and sobbed with joy. Margaret was also with equal promptitude by his side, and looked, if possible, more pale and terrified than her friend. The knight gently disengaged himself from the embrace of his niece, and stooped to kiss the lily white forehead of his English guest, the daughter of his earliest and

best friend: his eye then glanced anxiously round the apartment in search of one still dearer to him. "Hath not Edward returned?" he asked, in a quick tone of alarm which produced a faltering negative from Jacqueline and Margaret in the same breath; but scarcely had they uttered it, ere the entrance was darkened by the tall, slight form of the youth. They both bounded forward to greet him, yet, Margaret checked herself midway, and there she stood, tears still trembling in her downcast eyes and her very brow suffused with crimson; Jacqueline on the contrary, with undisguised affection, and with a renewed burst of emotion, clasped her snowy arms round his neck, ejaculating her thanks to heaven for his safe return. "So! fair lady," muttered du Bois, who, for reasons best known to himself, was, except Petit Jean, the only member of the household capable of bearing arms, who had not followed their Seigneur to meet the morning's danger—"So! fair lady, I remember me of a time when ye were

somewhat more coy ;"—and with an expression of countenance it would be difficult to define, he quitted the apartment. Edward, however, returned his cousin's embrace with more of a brother's than a lover's warmth, and advancing eagerly to where Margaret stood, motionless and beautiful as one of Canova's nymphs, he clasped her tiny hand between both of his, and half reproachfully asked if she had not also a kind word of greeting for him!—Margaret raised her glistening eyes timidly to his, she could not speak—that look however seemed to satisfy him, a glow of pleasure spread itself over his open sun-burnt brow, and he imprinted a kiss on the hand which made a gentle effort to disengage itself. Other figures now glided into the dim apartment, and the greetings exchanged were of the subdued, heartfelt character which a meeting after so dire a calamity might well be supposed to call forth. When the general excitement of feeling subsided into something approaching to composure, the

knight to his great satisfaction learnt that, thanks to the activity of La Blanche Vêtuë in warning them, more than three-fourths of the Islanders, for whose fate his keenest apprehensions were awakened, had escaped falling into the hands of their ferocious invaders, and he besought his neice to turn her thoughts to household matters, and render their now cheerless plight somewhat less dreary by the blaze of a fire and the appearance of the evening meal. Jacqueline hurried away to seek the domestics, who, crowded together in an adjoining room, were listening with breathless attention to the exaggerated accounts of the serfs who had taken part in the morning's affray; she, however, soon succeeded in rousing them to action, a fire was speedily kindled, and the board spread with such ready cooked viands as had been conveyed from the manor by Petit Jean, whose thoughts, from long habits, reverted to his larder, in the very midst of all the bustle and dismay.

With thankful, yet subdued spirits, the family of St. Ouen then sat down to break their fast for the first time on that day of indescribable consternation and terror. The meal was scarcely ended when the minstrel, du Bois, with a dogged look quite unusual with him, made his appearance and took his seat at the lower end of the board. Sir Phillip cast an angry glance towards him and said with stern irony—"So, sir minstrel, ye have still a stomach for eating, though ye have none for fighting t'would seem. I missed ye from among my trusty knaves this morning, how doth this hap?"

"Sir knight," replied the minstrel boldly, "I'm more skilled in handling the harp than the arquebuse, and in sooth, the nature of mine engagement in your service is not such as to call upon me to perform military duty as your serf!"

"Now out upon thee," exclaimed the knight wrathfully, "I would not give a mouldy crust

for the knave who measures out the length and breadth of his duty as a tailor doth his cloth, pinching the garment, yet overrating the quantity to his customer."

"Your pardon, sir knight," interposed the minstrel with heightened colour, "every man hath a right to strike out his own path of duty—so have I this day done, the saints be my witness!—it seemed to me not altogether befitting that these fair ladies should be left without a protector, and a worthless one though I deem myself to be, yet did I remember that a mouse once gave liberty to a lion—and finding that all save master Petit Jean had followed ye, sir knight, and seeing that I am not skilled in arms, I deemed I might do better service in aiding the helpless part of your household to effect a speedy removal hither."

The brow of the knight relaxed—"Thou art right by our lady! it was an oversight on my part, master du Bois, thou hast our thanks—and thou, sweet Margery, and thou too, our

most dear neice, have I your pardon for my seeming lack of love and care towards ye?—come hither sweet ones and give me a kiss in token of your forgiveness,—there, there, my rosebuds!—the saints be with ye,—seek now your pillows and sleep in peace, there be many stout arms and stouter hearts ready to defend ye.”

Jacqueline and Margaret returned his embrace with affection and retired; he then threw himself on a settle to recruit his exhausted strength and spirits by a short sleep: at the expiration of an hour, he was, at his strict command, awakened by Edward, and starting from his comfortless couch with a feeling of bewilderment and *heart-heaviness*, all must have experienced on first awakening after some fearful calamity, he prevailed on his son to take an hour's rest in his turn, whilst he made the night rounds. Having satisfied himself that all was right, Sir Phillip next summoned the armourer to attend him, and proceeded to ex-



amine into the defences of the castle, and, above all, into the quantity of arms and ammunition it contained, terrible was his consternation to find the former miserably deficient, and the latter, not only well nigh expended, but deteriorated from long keep and inattention. His stout heart *did* quail on the discovery of this new calamity, yet, with his usual resoluteness of character and presence of mind, he, after severely rebuking the official, who, in his turn, laid the blame on the Governor, to whom the unprovided state of the castle had been duly represented, bound him to secrecy by an oath, determined to conceal the alarming discovery as long as possible, from all but Edward and D'Anneville whose fortitude he well knew no danger could shake; but he could not thus rely on his other allies. As they were about to quit the armoury a hollow, unearthly voice twice repeated—"Undone! undone!" The armourer, who had first issued into the gloomy passage, fell back as though he had been shot dropping the

lamp, and muttering an exorcism. Sir Phillip though startled for the moment, was unwilling that his companion should be aware that he had also heard the words so strangely uttered, that he might the better laugh off his terror.

“How now, my master!” he said, half sternly, half ironically, “hath a fit seized, or a ghost spell-bound thee?”

“That voice! that voice! ’tis a warning from Heaven,” exclaimed the armourer, his teeth chattering in his head, “the saints preserve us, ’twas no earthly one! ye must have heard it, Sir Knight.”

“Heard the voice of the screech owl perchance! out upon thee, knave—an thou *feelest*, thou’dst best not display such womanish folly—fall back, and let me face this hobgoblin!” and Sir Phillip, pushing him aside, quitted the armoury,—the voice, he more than suspected was that of La Blanche Vêtue!

The armourer awed into silence by habitual respect, kept close by Sir Phillip’s side, but

without proffering a word, till he turned down a narrow flight of steps leading to the dungeons, when his cowardice overcame every other feeling,—“ Good now, Sir Knight,” he said in a husky voice, “ shall I summon the turnkey? maybe we shall go astray, seeing that we be neither of us accustomed to these localities; nor do I well know in which of the cells they have lodged the prisoner, for doubtless it be the villain Roger whom ye wish to visit, and I have moreover not got the keys.”

“ But I have,” resumed the Knight calmly, “ and require neither the jailor’s presence nor *thine*, if it be thy purpose to stun me with the chattering thy under jaw keeps up with the upper.” The armourer as much afraid as ashamed to retreat, followed passively till they reached the subterranean dungeons, to one of which Sir Phillip applied the massive key he held, and stood before Roger le Boutillier, who chained hand and foot, lay stretched upon a bed of mouldy straw.

The Knight, who was induced to visit him in the hope of ascertaining further particulars relative to the late disastrous event, and above all, the real extent of de Brézé's force, subdued the wrath kindled in his bosom at the sight of the abject wretch, and set about questioning him with much address.

The wily Roger, who had passed from despair to hardened indifference, perceived the object of his visit, and knowing from former experience, that he had no mercy to expect from the prompt and unswerving justice of the Seigneur of St. Ouen, answered in a tone of insolent mockery, averring, that he was not loath to die now that he had so far accomplished his purpose, and should leave behind him those who would complete it; unable to control his indignation, Sir Phillip burst forth—

“ Sayst thou so, caitiff ? by God's Lady, it grieveth me that I did not condemn thee to the gallows in lieu of the ducking pond, when some years ago I banished thee from my fief.”

“The kindest thing ye ever did for me that *last!*” retorted Roger with insolence, “putting me in the way of finding a master who could value and reward my merits!”

“Thy *merits*, good Lord! for which of them did he reward thee? for pilfering from thy honest old father?—or, for attempting to poison the poor young wench thy vicious passions seduced from virtue?—or, for ingratitude to me, thy benefactor?—or, for this, thy last d—d act of treachery to thy country? Out upon the *rewarder* and the *doer* of such deeds—they be not men—but agents of the foul fiend! Hear now, how *I*, thy just and lawful lord, purpose to reward thy merits!—to-morrow, penance in the church—the day after, the ducking pond and the collar—the one after, the gallows!”

“And right joyfully would I swing there,” said Roger tauntingly, “had I but first seen thine and thy hopeful son’s carcass raised to the same elevation! but, God be praised, I leave those behind me who’ll do my work for me!”

Sir Phillip felt that his wrath was getting the better of him and fearing to be betrayed into some act of violence, hurried from the cell, carefully locking the door after him.

## CHAPTER VI.

Whilst one part of the still bewildered Islanders keep their first weary night-watch, and the other portion, trusting to *their* vigilance for safety, yield to the demands of nature, and seek in sleep a temporary respite from the fatigues and anxieties of that eventful day, we will take a short flight to the Fortress of Mount Orgueil—not to view de Brézé carousing with his officers and the worthless Nenfant, bandying jokes, which he ever and anon interrupts to mutter a curse on the smarting pain of the wound which he had received in the short



affray of the morning—nor even to compassionate the miserable situation of the unhappy Islanders who have fallen into his power, and who, with few exceptions, having resolutely refused to swear allegiance to him, have been mercilessly consigned to the loathsome dungeons of the strong hold,—but we pass on to a small semi-circular chamber in a remote wing, furnished in the rude soldier-like fashion of the times. A low pallet occupies one entire end of the little apartment; a round oaken table, supported by one clumsy leg, stands in the centre, and three wooden stools, fashioned in like manner, on opposite sides of it. Two of those stools are now occupied. On one, sits the minstrel, du Bois. On the other, a young Cavalier, whose face is buried in the folded arms which rest on the table.

“De Verre!” he exclaimed, arousing himself from this attitude of despondency, and unburying a face on which the hand of nature had stamped the impress of nobility so forcibly

as to more than compensate for the want of regularity and perfectness of feature, which to the eye of the artist constitutes beauty. “De Verre!” exclaimed he energetically, “thou must forthwith bear him my defiance! This feverish thirst for revenge must be appeased! either *he* or *I* must bid farewell to earth. I would that I had seen thee ere the morning’s encounter; had I then known what I now know, no earthly consideration should have withheld me from following de Brézé,—and no earthly power have shielded the stripling from my wrath!”

“Your pardon, Sir Knight,” rejoined he whom we have before introduced under the name of du Bois, “your pardon, Sir Knight, but in good sooth, I had looked for more firmness on your part. The communication of the Lady Bordelais must have, in great measure, prepared you to find matters such as I have represented; and even were they other, the case, at best, would still be but a hopeless one.

That defection on the part of the Callecians in which the knight, your father, had so large a share, set the seal to Geoffry Wallis' hatred."

"His hatred?—his malice,—his injustice,—rather say," interposed the cavalier, striking his clenched fist on the table,—“was it hatred first prompted him to withdraw his given consent? Was it hatred that urged him to close his portals to me? No! by the saints! there was no clashing of parties then, my father had gone over to Warwick and thus afforded a pretext to King Lewis for despoiling him of his lands. Nay, nay, de Verre, 'tis the ambition not the hatred of Geoffry Wallis that has caused him to embitter my cup of life!” and the cavalier again buried his face in his hands. Du Bois, for by that name he must still be known to us, looked at him long, silently and sadly: he seemed pondering how he could best soften the tidings he had previously communicated.

“Sir Julien de Montessy, he at length said, “I may have been overhasty in my judgment,

suspend your's for awhile;—there be no book in whatever tongue so hard to read as a woman's heart! I have told you what I have seen and heard—yet hearing, I might have heard wrong, and seeing, I might have viewed with eyes prejudiced by my humour; so it were best deliberate ere so rash a step as you propose be taken. He is a right brave, open-hearted strippling, and by my faith, sir knight, t'would grieve me sorely that harm befell him, were I sure you had no ground for animosity."

"No ground for animosity?" repeated the cavalier, "Holy mother!—he who hath robbed me of that I prize more than life!—wealth!—fame!—all save honour!—can he have given me greater cause for hatred?"

"But ye have no sure proof he hath done this," again argued du Bois soothingly. "Alack my dear master, I would that ye could view the matter dispassionately and learn to think as I do, that, as this one obstacle is but as a drop in the ocean of perplexities which before encompassed

ye, and that since the possession your heart craves can never be your's, it is scarce fair to grudge it should be another's, or just to seek vengeance on he who obtains it."

"Then Heaven forgive my selfishness," ejaculated Sir Julien, "but I tell thee, de Verre, if it be not *mine*, it ne'er must be another's!" Du Bois looked dissatisfied.

"Good sooth, Sir Julien," he at length said, "this *love* must be a mighty tyrant, since it can render *just* natures *unjust*, and lead men to wage open war with their own judgments, and belie their own resolves. And what if the young de Carteret fall in the mortal combat to which ye would defy him, would the prize any the more be your's? would the stubborn heart of Geoffery Wallis be softened towards ye, because ye had slain his nephew? would e'en the Lady Jacqueline herself be disposed to reward with smiles he who had dealt so revengefully by one she loves? And what if ye yourself succumb—"

“My misery would be at an end,” passionately exclaimed the cavalier: “better be in my grave than drag on an existence of hopeless passion and cankering suspense! I tell thee de Vere, thou mightest as well bid the raging winds subside, as the passion which is kindled here!” striking his breast. “Thinkest thou I could forget that those proud beauteous lips had once tremblingly avowed my love was returned? thinkest thou I could brook the thought, that the exalted idol whom I adore and reverence, should prove a vain, heartless coquette? that the heart which I have treasured as a jewel beyond price, can be lightly taken from me, and transferred to another?—nay, by my sword, I would not do her such foul wrong! De Verre, thine eyes and ears have played thee false—she loves him not!—I pledge my life, she loves him not!”

“It may be so,” replied the minstrel, with the air of one who entertains a contrary opinion, yet dares not positively avow it; “yet she may

for all that, purpose to wed in compliance with her father's and her uncle's wishes. As to Sir Phillip he seems to have no misgiving about it. But a few days back I chanced to be standing near him, when he was in converse with the Seigneur of Anneville, and I saw him point to some land pertaining to his brother-in-law, Geoffrey Wallis, which joins his own, and then I heard him say, that when his son espoused his cousin Jacqueline, he purposed advising him to remove the fences and carry on the plantation which he has been laying out on his own estate—" Here du Bois paused. The cavalier had listened without any of those violent ebullitions of feeling, which had, at the commencement of their interview, so often interrupted his communications, and as his countenance exhibited no threatening cloud, he thought the moment favourable for putting forth some of the seasonable advice, which he had prepared for the occasion.

"With all due deference sir Julien," he re-



commenced, “I’d leave it to your cooler judgment to decide, whether, all circumstances taken into consideration, it would not be a more praiseworthy part for you to let matters take their course. If the lady Jacqueline sees fit to wed another, why, it will convince you she is not the angel of perfection and constancy you are determined to consider her; and when she is wedded, you will the more readily turn your thoughts to another, so that take it which way I will, I can but think that if she espouse the young Carteret, t’will be the best thing that can happen for ye, seeing that your misgivings will be at an end, and you will know that come what will, there is no longer any thing to hope, consequently nothing to fear, and your mind, rid of the two bugbears that have so long unhinged it, will soon recover its healthful tone.”

“And what if she were the wife of another! thinkest thou I could cease to love her? By God’s splendor! thou wilt shake my belief in

thy fidelity, if thou dost permit thy tongue to give utterance to such miserable sophistry."

"Doubt my fidelity!" ejaculated du Bois, his features kindling, "now may the saints forgive ye, sir knight, for ye could not commit a more cruel injustice."

"I could not in truth, my good de Verre," replied the young knight, suddenly mollified and warmly grasping his hand, "thou must not be so quick to mark my petulance, for thou knowest, I would almost as readily doubt her, my soul's idol, as thee, whose love and zeal I have so often put to the test! Think no more of my peevish words, they be but a sorry guerdon for thy long tried services; I have, I pray heaven, yet room for gratitude in my heart.

"Aye! and for every other true and knightly feeling!" responded du Bois warmly, "and I would to God, that the proud Geoffry Wallis did but value you as you deserve, he would not thus visit the sins of the knight, your father, on your head, who, even if he have thought it good

policy to shift his politics to his interests, stands not alone in so doing; the offence is a very venial one! beshrew me, if it suited Master Geoffrey's interests, but he would change parties and politics too."

"It may be so, and yet de Verre, from thee I hide it not,—all this wavering and bartering, this traffick of arms on the part of my father hath grievously jarred upon my feelings. Honor, not wealth, hath ever been the motto of the house of de Montessy,—and honour, I would fain it should still uphold! But we cannot command our destinies! come a few years more, and e'en the very name may be extinct!"

"The saints forefend! nay, cheer up, sir Julien! all may yet be well; though the father have a heart of stone, the daughter may not; and surely such true love as your's must win its reward?—it shall, if I have power to do ought towards your attaining it—and now, sir knight, 'tis best I return from whence I came. I must still maintain my assumed character in

the household of the Seigneur of St. Ouen; 'tis the only chance I have of furthering your projects."

"True, true, nor is this the only motive why I would have thee resume thy old footing there. The saints alone can tell how this lawless expedition will end! if, as I have but too good reason to believe, in the ruin of these poor Islanders, for I hear they be totally defenceless, there will be no bounds to the outrages of the soldiery, and if they carry their violence to the roof which shelters her, thou wilt be there to protect and claim respect for her in my name, lawless and ferocious though they be, they dare not disregard the appeal."

"I would not answer for them, rapacious devils as they be!—and yet, sir Julien, I would have de Brézé not be too confident of success. It was no trifling check he received this morning, and he will find that he has a temper as brave and as bold as his own to deal with in the Seigneur of St. Ouen. Encouraged by his

presence and bravery, the Islanders will sell their lives and liberties dearly, or I have lived above two moons amongst them without making use of my senses: truth to say, sir knight, I would give much that you had come hither in any other company than in that of de Brézé! when I heard him named as the leader of the band who had invaded the Isle, my heart failed me, for, I had learned from your last despatch that, in obedience to the will of the knight, your father, you had, with a stout band of retainers, embarked under command of this said de Brézé to lend aid to Queen Margaret, I deemed ye then to be pitied, sir Julien, knowing as I did, that your heart hath ever inclined to King Edward, as much from matter of opinion as policy, —alack! in how much greater case for regret do I find ye now? though I wended my way by stealth to the fortress this even, it was but with the view of obtaining tidings of ye, little did I expect, and still less did I hope to find ye an inmate of it, and in company so little to be desired.”

“Truly ’tis another stroke of ill fortune!” said Sir Julien musing, “the saints bear me witness, ’twas with a reluctant heart I consented to embark on this expedition at all, little dreaming to what it would lead; but it was vain to argue with my father, since he hath given himself up to his crooked policy, his temper has become none of the most tractable. As to de Brézé, he hath played an underhand game, and kept his intended treachery so closely hid from me, that mine eyes were not opened till we were on the point of landing; I have however signified in plain terms, that I will not raise a hand against these honest Islanders, aid them I cannot, but injure—God is my witness, for her dear sake, I will not.”

“But your followers, sir knight, have they not sworn allegiance to their captain-in-chief de Brézé?”

“Alack, poor knaves, with the exception of three, they have left their bones to moulder on the bloody field of Hexham. ’Twas a disastrous

expedition. De Brézé hath also lost near one half of his numbers."

"Disastrous indeed! would to God, my dear master, ye had never embarked in it," said du Bois sadly.

"Would that it had not been my fate," responded sir Julien. The shrill morning reveillée here sounded its warning note—and du Bois, having exacted a promise from the young cavalier, that he would abstain from all overt acts till he heard again from him, rose to depart. Sir Julien sought not to detain, and taking up his beaver accompanied him to the drawbridge—the watchword was given, and he passed out unquestioned.



## CHAPTER VII.

And now return we to what has been further passing in the Castle of Gros-nez: Sir Phillip having given his directions to the armourer, a second time after quitting the dungeons, lest under the influence of his superstitious terror, he should have misunderstood any, with a restless anxiety that brooked no control, caused the *reveillee* to be sounded, and with a heavy heart marched his retainers into the town. Halting them in the *halle au blé*, where several other Seigneurs not less anxious and restless, and far 'more dispirited than himself, though

ignorant of the irremediable accessions to the misfortunes, which overwhelmed his own mind, had engaged their serfs in military exercises, with a view of occupying their mind and time ; he left them to be drilled by Edward, and rode off to inspect the work so promptly commenced on the Mont de la Ville. Here he found his indefatigable friend, D'Anneville, assisting the workmen in their labour, with a cheerfulness and activity, that betokened no weariness from the fatiguing toil, which, lighted by the sweet silvery rays of the moon, he and his workmen had recommenced during the night. Sir Philip grasped him warmly by the hand—"Would to God all possessed thy unquenchable zeal!" he exclaimed; "my heart would sit much lighter in my bosom than it doth now!"

Ere d'Anneville could reply, the shrill startling voice of La Blanche Vêtue was heard close behind them.

"Trust to thine own zeal and courage, St. Ouen," she said emphatically, "and make use

of the aid which Heaven even now extends to thee!—Follow my injunctions, and thou shalt presently find thyself master of that which shall ease thy heart of the gnawing anxiety which the sight of empty ammunition chests, and rusty arms at Gros-nez hath caused thee!”

D’Anneville started, and cast a scowling look on the old woman, but the knight without betraying any surprise at her sudden apparition, smiled incredulously, and annoyed to find her, as he suspected, in possession of his secret, he replied with bitterness:

“Troth, good mother, then must ye be in league with Vulcan, and have set not only his Cyclops, but the imps under thine own command to work, for truly, neither armourer nor blacksmith know I of, in this our goodly Isle, who could supply a deficiency which, without an especial miracle on the part of our blessed lady, will prove our ruin!”

“Out upon thy miracles! thy saints and beads! thy relics, and—”

“Woman!” interrupted the knight sternly, “cease thy blasphemy, if thou wouldst escape the stake!”

“The stake!”—shouted La Blanche, still more vehemently, “the stake!—fire, faggot, and torture, have done their worst on me and mine! I have seen their blood poured out like water upon the glutted earth! I have seen their flesh shrivel and crisp before their bonfires! I have heard their bones crackle! I have beheld them moulder like fire-wood on the altars which Anti-Christ, he ye call Pope, hath reared to Moloch; still they held not their tongue! and shall I—I who—”

“Peace, woman,” thundered Sir Phillip, in an angry voice, that ill accorded with the expression of horror and compassion which passed over his fine features; “away with ye, and thank the stars that the love I bear one who is now, I pray, a saint in Heaven, prevents my dealing with thee as thy blasphemy deserveth.”

“I go and come at no man’s bidding, St.

Ouen!" said La Blanche sternly, and with a calm dignity that contrasted singularly with her former vehemence; "but I overlook thy contumely for love of her whom I plucked as a brand from the burning." A troubled expression passed over the brow of the knight; he crossed his breast, and turned a furtive glance towards d'Anneville; but the young Seigneur, either shocked at the heresies he had heard uttered, or, unwilling to listen to them longer, had withdrawn to some little distance, and now stood on the brink of the hill scanning the adjacent country; at this very moment, he turned sharply round, and shouted out to Sir Phillip, that one of the picquets was galloping furiously towards the town. La Blanche broke off her discourse abruptly, and laid her withered hand upon his arm to detain him: "Aye, aye," she muttered, "ye will believe me now! quick, St. Ouen, march thy followers to Gory Bay, thy foes will there furnish thee with what thou lackest."

The knight shook off the long attenuated hand, and without uttering a word strided down the hill, and throwing himself into the saddle, darted off to meet the horseman, and learn his tidings. They proved to be of a nature calculated to give weight to the incoherent counsel of La Blanche; and, the knight was anxiously debating with himself, whether prudence would warrant his marching his men so immediately into the neighbourhood of the fortress, upon a mere venture, when a second horseman arrived from the same quarter, and brought information which decided him in adopting this bold measure. The French were unloading their ships, and transferring their cargoes to the luggers which lay along side, so that the soldiers who had marched to the bay, followed by several charettes,<sup>3</sup> had evidently been sent there to assist in, and protect the landing of the stores. Sir Phillip listened with greedy ear, then exultingly threw his beaver in the air, and shouting his favorite rally, "King Edward and our

charter!" returned to the *halle au blé*, and communicated the inspiring tidings he had received, to the brave, but unimposing little army, there assembled. The prospect of a skirmish and a rich booty, animated the spirits and courage of all, as their thrice repeated shout of exultation testified; and their leader saw with satisfaction, that they needed but the stimulus of danger to put forth their energies. The necessary dispositions were soon made; six stout draught horses were picked out to follow in the rear, for the purpose of expediting the removal of the expected treasures from the bay, and messengers were sent to the Seigneurs of Trinité and Mortville, to follow up with their retainers, as expeditiously as possible, in case of a general sortie from the fortress. Sir Philip then joined Edward at the head of his band, and gave the order to march. Scarce able to repress the eagerness of his mettlesome steed, he conducted his brave little troops by a circuitous route to the Bay of Gory. Screened



by the thickly wooded embankments of the roads they traversed, they effected their march unobserved, till, suddenly emerging into the high road, within an hundred yards of the quay, where the enemy, with the lazy indifference of men who felt themselves to be in perfect security, were still leisurely loading the last of their *charettes*. The shout, which, upon catching sight of them, was involuntarily raised by the Islanders was the first intimation that they had of their approach; with a movement of dismay, they crowded together, as if for mutual protection; and for a moment, seemed inclined to make a defence; but the next, they simultaneously took flight to the opposite side of the quay, where, two luggers, with their dark heavy sails flapping lazily in the breeze, were in readiness to return to the ships which lay at anchor at some distance; into these, like so many frightened rabbits into a burrow, did the terrified Frenchmen leap, and the splashing of heavy oars responded to the shout of the dis-

appointed Islanders ; some of whom however, poured down to the quay, in time to discharge one destructive volley from their arbalists into the last of the retreating luggers ; a second would have followed, but, Sir Phillip prevented it ; a sight most cheering to his spirits had presented itself, six goodly ammunition chests marshalled side by side in two of the waggons !

“ Leave the poltroons to their flight ! ” he exclaimed, “ we have better work in hand ; bestir ye, knaves ! harness on two couple of horses to the foremost of yon *charettes*, those chests be better worth to us, than twice as much their weight in gold ! defend them with your lives, and spare not the lash to urge the beast homeward ! ”

Even while Sir Phillip spoke, his command was anticipated by the active Edward, who, seeing at a glance, that the enemy would make good their escape, turned his thoughts to the more important object of their expedition ; he urged foward the horses, and having assisted in

harnessing them to the charette, he laid his whip smartly across the shoulders of the foremost, and onward rolled the captured treasure, whilst the discomfitted Frenchmen, standing up in their lugger, witnessed the mortifying transaction, but still deemed it prudent to keep aloof; the Islanders, after busily throwing a few unpacked bales into the last of the charettes, set up another triumphant shout, as it followed its two predecessors. Sir Phillip then rode off to select a more favorable position for his men to take up, so, that in defending themselves, they might also protect their booty. Scarce had he marshalled his little band, when the quick tramp of horses was heard, all looked eagerly in the direction of the fortress; but no foe was advancing; and to their great joy, they were a moment after hailed by the Seigneurs of Trinité and Mortville, who, followed by their serfs, rode briskly up. With this addition to his force, the brave St. Ouen gave care to the winds, and would fain have provoked the enemy to an at-

tack, but a moment's reflection made him think better of it. Their position was by no means an advantageous one, and though none loved to face danger better than he did, he was too able a general to court it where no good was to be gained, or, where others shared in the risk. A short deliberation between him and his brother Seigneurs, was therefore, followed by the order to march.

Sir Phillip, however, still cast a wistful look towards the fortress and the luggers, the latter had now pushed out of the harbour, and were in full view of the sentinels on the western rampart, with whom they were evidently telegraphing : De Brézé must consequently be warned that all was not right, and doubtless would sally forth without loss of time, so that the greatest caution was needed to prevent a surprise in the rear. Leaving the Seigneur of Trinité to head his little army, and Edward his own retainers, the Knight with his friend D' Anneville rode off to reconnoitre the stronghold : the ramparts were thronged

with armed men, all looking eagerly in the direction of the ships. Presently, the draw-bridge lowered, and Sir Phillip expected to see it disgorge its long file ; but only two horsemen passed out, and no sooner did they catch sight of the antagonists who leaped the embankment to interrupt their progress, than they turned their horses' heads, and dug their spurs rowel deep into their sides, till they found themselves once more under protection of their guns.

“ We shall have the whole nest of hornets swarming about our ears anon, d' Anneville ! ” exclaimed Sir Phillip, when he had sent a hearty laugh and some half dozen arrows after the scouts--“ lets ride up to our knaves, and quicken their pace, our booty must by this time have arrived at St. Helerius ! ”

## CHAPTER VIII.

Elated with the success of the previous day, his heart glowing with gratitude to God, for the providential succour afforded in the capture of so ample a supply of arms,—the Seigneur of St. Ouen sat down, in an almost cheerful frame of mind, to partake of the morning meal with his household, dividing his time, between heartily discussing the omelettes, dried fish, and potted meats, with which Petit Jean had plentifully supplied the board, and listening to the childish, though precocious remarks, of a little deformed boy, of about ten years of age, whose diminutive figure, and fair, girl like features,

took at least, four of that number from his appearance. Jean Marie De Senmaresq, was the son of the imprisoned Seigneur of that name, and had with the other members of his family, been torn from his home, and conveyed to the fortress by the lawless invaders, who had pillaged the manor, and committed the most revolting excesses. Overlooked on account of his seeming youth, or despised for his infirmity, he was allowed to ramble about at large ; and had crept out, unperceived, amongst the troop whom de Brézé sent, though as we have seen too late, to the assistance of the men employed in getting the baggage and ammunition ashore. The intelligent boy, having thus, passed the causeway, threw himself flat on the ground, and crept along on all-fours, till out of sight of the fortress—he then darted across the fields, and arrived quite exhausted at St. Helerius, just as Sir Phillip was on the point of starting for Gros-nez. Seating the little fellow, to his no small delight, on the saddle



before him, he galloped off to the castle, and placed him under the charge of Jacqueline, by whom he was received with the tenderest affection—the boy was a great favorite with her—he was one of those precocious geniuses of whom the poet says, “so young, so wise, seldom do live long,”—even were he not already known and loved, the misfortunes which had befallen his unhappy parents, would have been a sufficient claim to affection from that noble heart! The equanimity of temper with which the knight had sat down to his meal was, ere long, disturbed by the further details of this interesting child. After relating the many sights of cruelty and blood he had witnessed, he added with tears in his eyes—“As to my poor mother, she doth but cry from morn to night, because they will not let her see my poor father, and be in the same cell. Then, one of those nasty French varlets wants to have my pretty sister Dorothy for his wife, and as to that Pierre de Brezé, I often wished I was a big man like

father, and had a sword, that I might pay him out for all his wicked deeds."

Sir Phillip passed his hand kindly over his head, and said with emotion: "be of good cheer, my little master, I have a sword, and with God's aid, will pay out this de Brézé in thy name and mine own too." As he spoke, the report of guns reverberated through the castle, and a soldier entered in breathless haste, to announce that the beacon was kindled on the Mount de la Ville. Sir Phillip started up like the mettlesome steed, when his ear drinks in the trumpet blast of war, and with a hasty "God bless ye, dear ones," hurried off. Edward also lingered but to press to his heart and lips the trembling hands held out to him. No one spoke, and it was not until the clatter of arms, the rolling of artillery in the outer bayle, the heavy tramp of men going and coming, and the confusion of many voices directing, commanding, calling, and answering in the inner, had subsided, that Jacqueline was aroused from

painful communing, by the stifled sobs of Margaret.

“Dearest Margaret,” she said with kindling eyes, “I thought thou hadst more fortitude! Do not let us yield to the weakness of our sex! these be times to endow bold natures with superhuman strength, and to render timid ones daring! By our tears we can do no good to our friends or our country, let us spurn them, and think how we may better serve both the one and the other—for my own part, I feel as though heaven had nerved my arm with the strength, and inspired my soul with the daring of a *Boadicea*, so that I could, like her, face the foes of my country.”

“Thou, Jacqueline, thou!” exclaimed Margaret, with astonishment, and almost horror,—“Bethink thee, if thou didst slay a fellow creature, sleep would shun thy pillow, and the deed never quit thy thoughts; besides, thou wouldst not leave me alone to my suspense and terror? indeed, if *thou* goest *I* cannot stay!”

“Then, I will not leave thee,” said Jacqueline

affectionately, throwing an arm round her neck, and kissing her tear-moistened cheek, "twas a wild thought, but thou knowest I am well-skilled in the use of the bow; when Edward was an idle boy, and I a thoughtless girl, it was one of our favorite sports to outvie each other in taking aim at the hapless birds, as they sat perched on a bough, or skimmed through the air before us."

"A bird, aye," said Margaret, "but thy strength would fail thee if thy aim were directed against a human breast, I am sure it would! and did it not, what terrible compunctions would visit thee after the deed was done! how couldst thou bear to think that an immortal spirit had been hurried hence, unshrived, unprepared for the dread eternity which opens on its startled and reawakening consciousness? how terrible would be the reflection that a human being had tasted death's agonies at thy hands."

"It would indeed be a thought to haunt one's nightly pillow, and one's daily ramble, e'en

though that being were a foe," replied Jacqueline, the bright fire of courage fading from her large hazel eye,—"'twas a wild thought, inspired by my despair, or rather, by the love I bear the dear ones who have left us to peril their lives in the cause of liberty. We will, however, proceed to St. Helerius, not to face the foe, but to await the issue of the combat in the monastery; we may be of use there in tending the wounded, and shall also glean more speedy tidings of our friends—thou will accompany me thither.

"Most gladly, said Margaret, "and see—yonder stands master du Bois, who will perchance not object to saddle and bring round our palfries, since all our knaves be doubtless employed on matters of greater importance."

"In sooth, I know not, dear Margery," replied Jacqueline, with a cold look of disdain, "mayhap, this valiant minstrel doth not consider himself called on by the nature of his service to mine uncle, to render aid in time of war, e'en to the helpless part of this household."

“My duty calls upon me to render humble service to the lady Jacqueline, whensoever occasion be afforded,” said du Bois, with a low bow, “Moreover, though I have no propensity for inflicting wounds, I have no distaste for healing them, if in my power—and though I am not skilled in war, ye shall anon see I am in fulfilling a fair lady’s behest!” and, with another low obeisance, he departed.

“Incomprehensible!” murmured Jacqueline, as she and Margaret followed him a moment after from the apartment, to prepare for their expedition—Margaret leading Jean Marie by the hand, having acceded to his request to be allowed to go to the monastery with them, a kindness for which the warm-hearted little fellow evinced his gratitude, by again and again kissing the soft fair hand which held his.

Meanwhile, Sir Phillip de Carteret left his son to march at the head of their own personal retainers, and to await the gathering of the different serfs, who, driven from their own lands,

and scattered here and there, according as accommodation could be obtained for them, and whom, it was agreed by their respective Seigneurs, should, on any new occasion of alarm, assemble at Gros-nez, and place themselves under the banner of the Seigneur of St. Ouen. No circumstance could more forcibly pourtray the deep sense of insecurity and peril entertained by the lords of manors, and fief holders, than thus yielding up the petty pomp and power of feudal pride, of which they were usually so jealous, and voluntarily placing themselves and their serfs at the disposal, and under the guidance of one not bearing the king's patent,—but, in fact, the general good was in this instance so closely interwoven with *individual interest*, that selfishness, as is too often the case, could not be a mar-plot, save at personal expense—thus, though there were some, who, at all times, envied de Carteret his superior wealth and dignity, and many who now looked with a jealous eye on the power and influence he swayed over his



fellow men, still, all were ready to acknowledge that his pre-eminent talents, skill and bravery, rendered him by far the man most competent to guide and direct, in the perilous crisis to which they had been so suddenly, so unexpectedly brought ; thus had his nomination to the high post of governor, been unanimous ; and who could have felt, or thought, that the distinction was ill bestowed, after witnessing his gallant bearing, his matchless heroism, throughout this eventful day ! How long, how vauntingly, did his faithful retainers remember, and talk over his appearance amongst them, that morning in the bayle ! With what minuteness dwell upon the expression of his frank, expansive brow, glowing with dauntless pride—his dark eye, sparkling with excitement and courage, his clear, sonorous voice, issuing the brief, yet well defined command,—his exhilarating shout for “ King Edward and liberty,” as his gallant charger bore him under the archway, followed by their admiring gaze, and hearty cheers.

The knight was cased in the same massive suit of armour, as on the former occasion, his helmet only was wanting, and that was carried by his esquire, who rode more leisurely, at some distance behind him ; his noble features and forehead were thus fully displayed, being merely sheltered by his velvet riding cap, the long white plume of which waved gaily in the morning breeze, and contrasted, somewhat oddly, with the rest of his heavy steel trappings ; yet was it, of the two, the most in harmony with the frank good humour, and calm confidence, which marked his bearing. As he rode briskly over the plain, whenever—and it was very often the case—he fell in with a party of serfs hurrying to the castle, he would rein up his fiery steed, give them the cheerful good morrow, then, with an inspiring exclamation of joy, that the opportunity was about to be afforded them, of coming to blows with their hated enemies, gallop on again in full speed. At length, he diverged into a sheltered glade, which conducted to a hamlet

containing about seventy *feux* the thin, white smoke from whose chimneys was wreathing slowly above the flowering lime, and bright green sycamore trees that skirted it. As he entered the glen, not a sound was heard save the gentle ripple of a little stream, on which the morning sunbeams fell, gilding it on its placid course, and enlivening with a yellow tinge, the verdure around. Sometimes the note of the lark stole on the ear, like fairy music from some woodland nymph, and sometimes the chirp of the grasshopper alone was heard; then the twittering of the robin, the wren, the mischievous sparrow, and the little tom-tit, arose from some adjoining bush, or odour-breathing hedge, occasionally swelling into song, and mingling with the more harmonious notes of the thrush, the linnet, and the blackbird, forming a concert which, in melody, might outvie the combined efforts of Albertazzi, Persiani, and Grisi, supported by the *Leviathan* Lablache, the melting Rubini, the silvery Ivanhoff and the mellow Tamburini;

then, as if wearied by their exertions, and as if by common consent, their warblings ceased, and all was stillness again. The knight involuntarily checked his steed, the glow of hope, of pride, of daring, passed from his noble features, and expression of calm reflection, almost of melancholy, succeeded. The quiet of nature seemed to wear more than its wonted sacredness,—he paused, and compared the peaceful and joyous aspect of all around, with the scene of strife, daring, and triumph, with which his imagination had been but a moment before engaged, and in which he must of necessity, in a very short time take part,; he felt that his enthusiasm was subsiding—he felt that the Almighty could never have intended, that the fair, smiling earth, should be disfigured by the vengeful passions of men. Then came a terrible thought,—should success not crown his arms, should his anticipated triumph prove defeat—how soon would the tranquil spot resound with the shrieks of the helpless women and children,

who, had hitherto peaceably pursued their daily avocations there, and enjoyed its luxuriant shades ! He recoiled from the contemplation of such a dread possibility, and touching Rolla's sides lightly, again galloped on. This momentary depression however vanished, as the busy hum, the cares, the turmoils of life became apparent ; there was the bleating of sheep and lambs, and the lowing of cattle, whom he now passed, still standing passively beside the wooden pail, and unoccupied three-legged stool, vainly expecting the renewed good offices of the milkmaid, who had evidently been frightened suddenly away. Sir Phillip felt all his martial ardour, all his eagerness for the combat revive, with his indignation towards the traitors,—his mortal hatred to the foes who had given rise to this neglect on the part of the usually industrious and punctual housewives, of whom, he soon after came in full view—Startled from their morning occupation by the report of the alarum guns, they had fled in dismay to their homes, to take

a farewell of, and exchange, perhaps a last glance with, a husband, a son, a father, a brother, in some instances, with all and each of these, and now that those dear ones were gone, they stood congregated together without their cottage doors, to talk over their hopes, their fears, and weep with each other. The appearance of their seigneur, occasioned a movement of mingled joy and surprise; the sight of him at all times revived their drooping spirits, and they now flocked around him:—

“A fair morrow to ye, my good dames,” he exclaimed, cheerfully replying to their respectful greeting, “I have come hither to ask, if there be any amongst ye with courage enough to bestir yourselves, and exert your strength and capabilities in the good cause; and if so be ye have any youngsters, or grey-headed sires left at home, their years being too few, or too many to fit them for a field of battle, go summon them instantly, for not a moment must be lost, and, if they have nerve and skill enough to fire an ar-

quebuse, bid them accompany about fifty of ye, my good dames, to the *halle au blé*, ye will there receive instructions as to what will be required of ye ; to thus much, I pledge mine honour ; ye shall incur no greater risk of danger, than ye will by remaining here ; and now, such as have resolution to do my bidding, hold up the right hand." The hands of most present were instantly lifted, accompanied by exulting shouts, from some half score of youngsters, who had by this time pushed their way up to the seigneur, curious to learn what had brought him thither—The knight smiled, waved his cap, and galloped off, at a speed which brought him to St. Helerius a full half hour before his retainers. Having questioned the scout who brought such prompt intelligence of the movement of de Brézé's troops, and having also taken a minute survey from the heights, and convinced himself there was time for the preparations he wished to make, he, with the assistance of d'Anneville, completed his plans, ere the enemy appeared in



sight. When within a quarter of a mile, they displayed a flag of truce; but Sir Phillip felt confident as to how the parley would end, and gave his commands accordingly. He divided his force into a central body, and two wings. The left was instantly marched off to an adjoining enclosure, fenced in by a low bank and ditch from the plain, which here terminated. The right, headed by de Rozel and Méleche, was sent to reinforce the bowmen on the Mount de la Ville. The main body, led on by Sir Phillip and the Seigneur of Trinité, with several minor feudatories, marched out to the plain, a few hundred yards beyond the *halle au blé*, and there waited to receive the enemy, who halted in their turn. The late governor, Perrin Nenfant, and Sir Pierre de Brézé, drew up, somewhat in advance, and held a brief consultation. De Brézé scrutinized the little band marshalled against him in such determined warlike array, with the standard of England and their own seignoral banners waving proudly over their

heads, as if in defiance, then burst into a scornful laugh, and turned to address some officers behind him, who seemed also to join heartily in his merriment. After some hesitation, the flag of truce was borne forward, and de Brézé's esquire, leaning on the arm of our little friend, the bailli, advanced to open the communication between the parties. They were met by Sir Phillip and the seigneur of Trinité, who coldly returned their courteous greeting. The esquire at arms then gave a significant look at the bailli, who, it was evidently intended, should open the negotiation; but, the hapless dignitary, stood twirling the roll of parchment he held, without being able to proffer a word, and he cast his small grey eyes on Sir Phillip, with a look, so compounded of terror, uncertainty, and shame, as to provoke a smile from his old friend, whose keen perception of the ridiculous, was not even to be blunted by the presence of danger. The Frenchman, impatient at this delay, broke the silence, by summoning the Islanders to lay

down their arms, and surrender to their conqueror, and now lawful ruler, Sir Pierre de Brézé.

“De par Dieu!” vociferated Sir Phillip, “we know of no conqueror! We acknowledge no ruler, save our gracious King Edward of England! beshrew me, sir herald, but your mission seemeth somewhat premature; return to thy captain, the *valiant* de Brézé, and tell him from me, that ere he play the part of *conqueror* towards us, he must first *conquer*!”

“That hath he already done!” said the esquire, “your strong hold is in his power, and your late captain, Perrin Nenfant, hath capitulated, not only the fortress of Mount Orgueil, and the castle of Groz-nez, but the whole island under his command, with its men-at-arms, ammunition, and stores, upon condition of life and freedom being granted to all, who peaceably lay down their arms, and swear allegiance to France, to all of whom, the right noble, sir Pierre de Brézé, is well inclined to grant vast privileges.”

“ In the shape of dungeons and halters,” retorted Sir Phillip. Without noticing the interruption, the esquire took the roll of parchment from the trembling hand of the bailli, and presented it in corroboration of his statement.

“ What have we here ? ’ continued the knight, unrolling the parchment, and reading aloud, without changing his tone of bitter irony :—

“ To the lords of manors, and the authorities of the Island of Jersey, greeting ; — peace, health, and salvation,—

“ Whereas, our Fortress of Mount Orgueil, having been surprised by night, and conquered by the arms of the valiant Sir Pierre de Brézé, Counte de Maulevrier, *Consillier d’ Etat de sa Majesté de France*, hath capitulated,—Be it further known unto you, that I, Perrin Nenfant your late captain, have judged it necessary for the preservation of the lives of the inhabitants of the Isle, where, in the name of the King of England, I late commanded, to give up into the hands of our conqueror Sir Pierre de Brézé, the

castle of Gros-nez, the manors and all thereunto pertaining, together with our town of St. Hele-rius, and each and all of the twelve parishes, with such men-at-arms, ammunition, stores, and provisions, as may be found therein, upon his, the said valiant Pierre de Brézé, granting life and liberty to all who peaceably obey, and pay respect to this my unavoidable act, and lay down their arms, when all further hostility will cease. Hereunto, I set my sign and seal, as do also in testimony of approval and consent, the under-named of your brother-Islanders; and I pray God to have you in his holy keeping,—Signed Perrin Nenfant, ci-devant Capitaine de l'Isle. Then followed a string of names, or markes, written by those whose courage or loyalty had failed to support them through the severe ordeal, by which they had been tested, and, in a few instances only, by those whom the hope of gain, had lured from their allegiance to England. Sir Phillip read but the first of these signatures, it was that of the poor bailli, on whom he fixed his stern piercing eye, and said contemptuously,—

“So bailli; ye have been such a dolt and coward, as to consent to the making over your own, and the liberties of your countrymen, to the base marauders, who have crept like so many foxes into our stronghold; and ye would exhort me to do the same! By our lady, and the blessed saints, whom, their not more barbarous forefathers slew, had not my sword better employ just now, I’d as willingly sever your weak head from its worthless carcase, as I now rend this vile compact!” and he thrust the point of his dagger into the parchment; trampling on the strips, as they fell to his feet.

The poor bailli cowered beneath the terrible eye still fixed on him, and shrunk behind the esquire at arms, as if for protection; then, with a deprecating look, and a sorrowful shake of the head, endeavoured to make his friend understand, that his consent had only been wrung from him by terror.

“Beware how you trifle with the clemency of your conqueror, sir Islander,” said the esquire at arms, scarce able to repress his wrath, “If

ye reject his merciful terms of peace and amity, he will this very day put all to the sword, man, woman, and child !”

“ We do reject them ; and defy this caitiff knight to the death !” shouted Sir Phillip. “ England and our charter for ever !”

“ England and our charter !” resounded from line to line, “ Sir herald ye are answered,” continued sir Phillip, with a flush of pride.

“ Not yet, so please you, sir Islander, I be-think me, that in this matter, you have no right to reply for any save yourself ; let those to whom this proclamation is equally addressed, come forward and speak for themselves ; your disaffection will be borne in mind ! If any among them value their lives, I would counsel them not to be swayed by your obstinacy. None ever yet escaped the valiant arm of de Brézé, and, one-fourth the number of experienced soldiers, now under his command, would suffice to crush yon handful of timid serfs ; ’tis best that they should yield, who have no means of defence !”



“We have the means and the will, so help us God and our Lady!” burst forth sir Phillip, with thundering vehemence, “Hie back, sir escorceur, to your wily leader, tell him, one Phillip de Carteret, Seigneur of St. Ouen, hath been unanimously elected captain of this his native isle, in lieu of the traitor Perrin Nenfant, and that he, Sir Phillip de Carteret, with his brave Islanders, do spurn his authority and defy him to battle.”

The parley was about to terminate thus when the tremulous voice of the Bailli was heard.

“Be not over rash, good sir Phillip, one word with ye!” and the little bailli, withdrawing a few paces aside, and placing his hand on the arm of his old friend, gasped out:—

“Oh! he is a terrible man, this de Brézé! I have been forced into it all! If thou outlivest me, sir Phillip!—Oh, such sights! such torture!”

Here, the Frenchman made an impatient

movement to depart; but the bailli, whose wit never before or after served him so good a turn, whispered in his ear:—

“Have patience, sir esquire! I vouch for it mine old friend will yield, when he knoweth what sort of enemy he hath to deal with, and the Islanders will follow his example.”

The esquire smiled assent, and the little dignitary resumed his disjointed conference, merely to recommend his wife to the protection of his friend.

“And why not take care of her thyself, bailli?” impatiently asked Sir Phillip, speaking in the corrupted Norman dialect, which was the vernacular of the Islanders, and not very intelligible to unpractised ears.

“I! I!” said the bailli piteously, “God help me! I have, I befear me, fallen into the devil’s own clutches, and can’t even take care of myself; for, well I wot, I shall never get out of them alive.”

“’Tis your own fault if ye don’t, bailli, ye

have legs, make use of them, and take shelter behind our lines ; I'll make a passage for ye ! But ye might pass under their elbows, for the matter of that, bailli."

On hearing this familiar jest on his diminutive person, the bailli opened his twinkling grey eyes to their utmost power of expansion ; so bewildered was he, between the remembrance of the horrors he had witnessed, and the present unexpected sight of his old acquaintance, jocular and self possessed, as if no evil had befallen them, that he half fancied, he had been labouring under some dark delusion of the brain ; and when Sir Phillip impatiently motioned with his arm, for him to move on, he tried to obey, but in vain ; his legs refused to do their office ;—the knight, with an angry " pish," seized hold of him, and without any seeming effort of his right arm, sent him whirling through the first line, the men, with ready quickness, opening and reclosing in the centre. The poor bailli remained prostrate for a few seconds, still doubting whe-

ther he waked or dreamed ; whether he was sane or demented : two of Sir Phillip's followers, whose voices he recognised, raised him from the ground, and advised him to seek shelter in the rear, from the hot work, that would soon be going on ; this was warning enough to bring the little dignitary at once to his senses ; his cowardice lent him strength and speed, and many a smile relaxed the stern, determined countenances of his countrymen, as he forced a way through their lines, not waiting for an opening, but, as Sir Phillip jocosely said, creeping under their elbows, without much inconvenience to himself.

Incensed by this ruse, the French officer reclaimed his prisoner, and, on his demand being refused, denounced the most terrible vengeance on the head of Sir Phillip, who replied, tauntingly,—

“ Out on thee, sir malapert, I came not here to list the ravings of a popinjay such as thou, but to deal with the subtle Pierre de Brézé as

his treachery deserves ! Return, and bid him prepare to feel the weight of our hearty blows, ere he take his vengeance.”

“ God wot, they had need outdo the strokes of Vulcan, seeing how few arms there be to deal them,” exclaimed the Frenchman, sarcastically, “ take counsel, valiant sir, and disperse yon *poignée* of villains to their plough, or to palm-play ; they ’ll like it better, I’ll be sworn !” and with a sneer of contempt, he turned on his heel.

Sir Phillip smiled in quiet scorn ; then turning to the Seigneur of Trinité, who had also dismounted from his steed, he addressed a few words to him, which met with an answering smile, and a ready assent ; followed by a command to his varlet, to bring up his charger.

The knight contented himself with giving a low whistle, followed by “ Rolla mon, Rolla ici !” and Rolla, without being led, bounded forward, capering with the grace and lightness of a deer, arching his beautiful neck,

and tossing his white glossy mane in the air, as though proud of the heavy war trappings which well became his noble limbs ; he stopped short beside his master, and answering his brief caress with another neigh, knelt gracefully down to receive the heavy burden, with which, a moment after, he again bounded forward, as lightly as though a feather would outweigh it. To ascertain that his orders had been obeyed by the officer left with the artillery in the *Halle au blé*, to ride along each line, and return to his former station at their heads, seemed scarce the work of a minute, so swift the steed, so prompt the rider ! and now they stood silent and motionless, as an equestrian statue, side by side with the Seigneur of Trinité, and his powerful coal black horse, the standard of England waving near, and each anxious eye, fixed on them, to watch their movements. The banner of Notre Dame soon moved proudly towards them, and the French advanced with a loud flourish of trumpets ; Sir Phillip cast an anxious glance behind him ; he had scarce

time to dispatch a message, when the shrill clangor of trumpets ceased, and the enemy poured furiously on; a moment more, and one solitary trumpet spoke, as if in reply, from the Islanders.—The Seigneur of Trinité galloped off to the left, the Seigneur of St. Ouen to the right, the two first lines discharged their arquebuses, and wheeled suddenly round, whilst, as if by magic, sprung up from behind the trench, thrown up on the Mount de la Ville, a party of bowmen, whose well directed arrows came showering amongst the enemy, with such good effect, as to check their ardor for a moment—but, for a moment only — there was a shout, a cry, on the part of the invaders—“ On, on, they fly, they fly ! ”—And such was *apparently* the case.—Already had full two thirds of Sir Phillip’s little army in rapid, but orderly retreat, gained *La halle au blé*,

“ Notre Dame, et la France ! ”—shouted the pursuers in triumph, pressing on like so many hungry wolves, “ Death ! no quarter ! ”—was



vociferated by the ferocious leader, as dashing through the *Halle au blé*, he flourished his unsheathed sword above his head, "*Tue ! tue ! notre Dame et la France !*"—responded the brutal soldiery, but their cry was cut short and drowned in the report of artillery ! a shrill solitary note from a trumpet had again arisen above the din, and in a moment, the sky was darkened with thick volumes of smoke, vomitted by several small pieces of cannon, and arquebuses stationed in, and discharged on opposite sides, from the stores, as well as by the front line of Sir Phillip's little troop, which had again suddenly wheeled round, and faced the enemy.

There was a cry of rage and pain ; the assailants jammed together in a small space, where no room for turning to the right or left was afforded, struggled and swore by turns, the dying propped up by the dense mass of living, till frightened and wounded steeds gallopping or rolling over, crushed them together to the earth.—Frightful and desperate was the rush forward, to

escape the reach of the engines of death, so unexpectedly employed against them ; but, in the fugitives, whom they a minute before derided, they now found an impenetrable rampart of stout arms, and stouter hearts ; Sir Phillip and the Seigneur of Trinité, fought like lions at their head, encouraging them by their shouts and example ; instead of yielding, they gained step by step, upon their adversaries.

Brandishing his sword with the fury of a madman, De Brézé rushed on the knight, when the ominous trumpet sounded again. “ Fall back, my brave fellows ! ” shouted Sir Phillip, seeing that some of his men had advanced within range of the guns, at the same moment backing his faithful Rolla, and still parrying and returning the blows of his enraged foe, with as much coolness as though he were only engaged for his pleasure in a pass at arms ; meanwhile, the horrible engines of slaughter stationed in the stores, did their work, — again and again was the small, densely crowded scene of carnage envel-

veloped in darkness by the thick volumes of smoke they vomitted forth—again and again did the human cry of death-agony, and the terrible neigh of frightened steeds, pierce through the sullen and condensed air ; carrying terror to the hearts of the ferocious soldiers who brought up the rear, and now, with impotent rage, vainly pressed forward to succour their leader and perishing comrades, who seemed resolved rather to leave their lifeless bodies there, than submit to the shame of a retreat !—With the reckless bravery for which they were famed, they rallied for a last struggle, and animated by the desire for life, so strongly felt by the wretched no less than the happy, when the moment arrives at which the prized or contemned gift seems about to be recalled by the Almighty donor, the maddened troops, penned up like so many ensnared wolves, made a desperate rush, *en masse*, to break through the living rampart which prevented their getting beyond the reach of the guns—so desperate, indeed, as not only to se-

parate de Brézé and de Carteret, but also to cause the ranks of the latter to yield some feet of ground. Startled by this advantage, trifling as it was, Sir Phillip, in a voice of thunder, gave the command to fire, at the same moment discharging his own piece, an example promptly followed by the first line of arbalisters, who dropped upon one knee to reload, whilst the other lines, in quick succession, discharged their pieces; thus, keeping up an incessant fire with all the rapidity of trained and organized soldiers. The *escorceurs* fell back, but it was only to encounter a more deadly fire from the store.

The leader seemed beside himself with rage, "Break in the doors and scale the windows to silence those cursed guns!" he vociferated, "Strike for our Lady and France!"—But no blow was struck; no voice responded; the volumes of smoke which encircled him partially dispersed—grinding his teeth, and clenching his hand, he exclaimed wrathfully:

"Cowards, villains! perdition, they fly!"—and

he struck his spurs ferociously into his horse's flanks.

As he gained the open plain, he was, however, in a moment surrounded by the troops who were in the rear in advancing, and who, for obvious reasons, had as yet taken no part in the struggle; the fugitives also rallied and fell into their ranks. Breathing vengeance and blasphemy, the enraged leader, having now learnt prudence from experience, this time awaited the attack. It did not long tarry; a flourish of trumpets, which seemed given in triumph and defiance, brought Edward and the Seigneur of Anneville, at the head of their little troop, from the enclosure on the left, where, sheltered merely by a fence, and lying flat on the ground they had all along waited the signal, and at the same moment appeared on the right, the seigneurs of Rozel and Meleche, leading the arbalisters, who after discharging their arrows, had descended to the plain, sheltered by the superior height of the hill, which projected out

full a hundred feet, forming, as it were, a bastion on the right of the stores; in the centre, the excavation of a stone quarry had caused the soil to crumble away, so that it gave to the Mount de la Ville the appearance of two gigantic mounds, joined by a rocky bridge, the sides of one clothed with verdure, the other with masses of dark glittering granite. One by one had the arbalisters glided down, and taken up their station in the quarry, also awaiting the signal. Sir Phillip had a two-fold motive in thus detaching these bands; the first, to provide against a surprise in the rear, on taking up a position after his feigned flight; the second, that in case of a successful resistance on his part, and the enemy being forced to retreat from the ambush into which they were decoyed, they might, on regaining the plain, be hemmed in by his troops in the same unexpected manner. Both parties, as we have already said, on hearing the preconcerted signal, marched rapidly forward, and attacked the enemy on the right and left, with an

impetuosity that threw them into the utmost confusion, and drew off de Brézé's attention from the brave band, slowly advancing over the heaps of slain, from *la halle au blé*.

This was the moment sir Phillip waited for ; encouraging on his troops, they now dashed forward, trampling over human bodies as callously as though they were in very truth, mere worms of the earth, and shouting, " King Edward and our charter !" with exulting triumph.

The struggle now became as general as it was terrible, man to man, horse to horse, and steel to steel. De Brézé was bewildered ! As unprepared for this second ambush as he had been by Nenfant's information for the first, he could scarce believe the evidence of his senses ; hemmed in, and furiously attacked on three sides at once, by a band of desperate combatants, whose numbers seemed to increase by magic, and whose real inferiority to his own he was then unable to ascertain, he, for the first time in his life, lost all presence of mind, and though



he fought with the savage ferocity of a tiger, and dealt blows to the right and left with the strength of a Hercules, he did so mechanically, or, like one solely bent upon self-preservation ; the sight of Nenfant awakened him from his stupor ; he darted towards him with a cry of vengeance,—for a moment only was his terrible sword suspended above his head.

“Traitor !” he vociferated,—“is this the handful of serfs, whom my troops were to disperse as easily as a pack of wolves would so many sheep ? Take now thy reward, and the devil thy soul ! sent to him by Pierre de Brézé.”

“Mercy,” gasped the abject and now trembling victim, but ere the last syllable died on his lips, the sword descended, and the head rolled from its still kneeling trunk.

“Ah, de Brézé !” furiously exclaimed Edward St. Ouen, who had at the same moment spurred on his horse to attack the wretched Nenfant, and who, on seeing that one enemy had cheated his sword, now turned it towards a more for-

midable foe, with all the heedless bravery of youth, but with the noble courage of a lion. His father's eye just then for the first time lighted on him, it kindled with a glow of pride, but a pang of fear next smote his heart,—“This is no equal foe for thy young arm, brave though it be!” he murmured, and raising himself in his stirrups, he shouted at the highest pitch of his stentorian voice,

“De Brézé, *je te défis, à moi, à moi*, de Brézé,”—detaching his battle-axe from the saddle bow, and grasping it with both his hands, he dealt blows around him which soon cleared a passage: de Brézé turned at this second defiance, and with his sword whizzing and glittering above his head, made towards the challenger, when a cry reached him from the opposite direction, “*à l'aide, à l'aide !*” The white pennon of France was seen to shiver and waver to and fro tremulously in the air, a moment more and it disappeared, but it was for a breathing space only; de Brézé's powerful arm, snatched

it from the exulting foe, and as he waved it above his head with his left hand, the right defending it from the attacks of his assailants, he shouted with all his might—" *la France et notre Dame, en avant !* "

" King Edward and our Charter ! " responded the more sonorous voice of sir Phillip de Carteret, as, following up his antagonist, he dealt a blow with his massive weapon that caused the banner to totter, and its powerful bearer to stagger back in his saddle: but, de Brézé recovered himself in an instant; once more waving the banner in the air, he cast his eye anxiously around, it lighted upon a young cavalier, who had kept near him during the latter part of the affray, parrying, rather than dealing blows; he called on him by name to the rescue. Sir Julien de Montessy, thus imperatively summoned to his assistance, seized the banner—hitherto, his cool and passive bearing in the midst of so furious a struggle, had been so striking, that it must have attracted notice, had there been but

one leisure spectator amongst the exasperated combatants, to observe, rather than take part in what was passing—his sword was unsheathed, but no spot dimmed the smooth polished surface of the well tempered blade—in truth, it seemed of far less use to him than his shield, which was scratched and indented by the shafts and blows it had so dexterously warded off, yet his large grey eyes, usually so expressive of benevolence, shot their fiery, restless, and even revengeful glance, through the windows of his closed vizor, as though he were eagerly searching out some personal foe, on whom he would fain wreak the vengeance burning and struggling in his bosom,—that foe—Edward de Carteret—he, at length, thought he espied ; and he was springing towards him, when de Brézé's imperative appeal arrested his steps ; honour urged him to forego revenge,—he grasped the banner of “ Notre Dame,” with the chivalrous resolve of defending it to the last drop of his blood.

De Brézé thus relieved, turned his sole atten-

tion to the opponent against whom his deadly hate was now awakened. Raising himself in his stirrups, and as if concentrating his strength for that one blow, he clenched his enormous sword with both hands, and flinging it far over his right shoulder, it whizzed as it cut through the air—but encountered only empty space—for Rolla, obeying a signal from his master, made a *demi-vaulte*, which in all probability, saved the life of the valiant leader, on whose courage and skill, the fate of the Islanders depended; for, stout though the knight's armour was, it could not have been proof against a blow so aimed.

The struggle round the standard became equally desperate, and more fatal to the Jersey-ais, so that it was, for some time, impossible to judge in whose favour it would terminate; the very demon of destruction seemed to be urging on the combatants to savage slaughter; so terrible, so inhuman, was the fury manifested on either side,—dismembered and bleeding opponents

rolled over together to the earth, wrestling with deadly pertinacity, or locked in the death-grasp one of the other, exhaling with their fast waning breath, bitter invectives of hate and revenge. Thrice had the brave Sir Julien de Montessy been seen to fall, still grasping the banner, which as many times reappeared. Meanwhile, Sir Phillip and de Brézé fought on, the swords of both were broken, and they had recourse to the ungainly weapons suspended at their saddle bow; the blows they dealt each other might have staggered an ox, still, they only reverberated on the massive armour, as harmlessly as though no human breast was cased beneath it!"

Edward breathed thick and fast, his spirit burned to take part in the affray—his father was unhelmed, he could resist no longer: he waited not to see the heavy battle axe start from de Brézé's hand, as he reeled back in his saddle stunned by the quick and nervous blow which repaid his own successful aim; but lance in hand, the youth darted forward; his well directed

weapon penetrated the eye of de Brézé's charger; with a wild shrill cry of agony, the animal reared and bounded forward, clearing all obstructions and defying all control; till, with another wild cry, it fell upon its knees, and rolled over in the agonies of death. De Brézé disentangled his feet from the stirrups with all the dexterity of a practised horseman; "another horse, another sword!"—he shouted; grasping the one, and leaping on the other, he spurred on to the scene of action, from which he had been so unwillingly borne away. He stopped short and bit his lip till the blood gushed out—his men were retreating! the white pennon had fallen to rise no more; its brave young defender had succumbed beneath the irresistible arm of the Seigneur of St. Ouen, who held his hard earned trophy proudly aloft. Maddened with rage, de Brézé with a desperate effort, and in a hoarse, discordant voice, thundered forth the usually inspiring rally "*La France et notre Dame ! en avant !*"

The cry was not taken up; but a wild unearthly



voice, shrill and distinct as the scream of the sea-bird, before the gathering storm bursts over the heaving ocean, responded to it, the ominous one, of "*Sauve qui peut!*"

"*Sauve qui peut!*" reiterated the bewildered soldiers, casting a furtive glance up to the towering height above them, from whence the ominous words proceeded, and where *la Blanche Vêtue*, attired as we in the first instance described her, stood at the very brink, hurling down huge masses of granite on their heads. "*Sauve qui peut!*" passed from line to line, till the panic became general, and the flight so precipitate that de Brézé, maddened with rage, threatening, swearing, and entreating by turns, was unwillingly borne along in the current. The Islanders sent up a shout that rent the very sky, then pressing on to the pursuit, left the scene of carnage undisturbed, save by the groans of the dying.

## CHAPTER IX.

Sir Phillip, however, checked the ready impulse of his brave band to renew the combat. He had not yet been able to compute how far his numbers were diminished, by a struggle carried on with all the desperation inspired by personal, or rather hereditary hatred, and a deeply cherished loyalty on one side—and the ferocity of disappointed ambition, rapacity and revenge, on the other. On regaining the plain, the knight reminded those around him, that their day's toil was not yet over ; many of their companions, though now laid low, might be rescued from the

jaws of death, by their active exertions to render immediate aid, where the vital spark was not yet utterly extinguished : those also, who had paid the forfeit of life in support of their country's freedom, demanded, at least, the tribute of honorable burial, and grateful sympathy. This painful task was undertaken with alacrity, but with a heart-sickening, feverish anxiety by those more especially, who missed relatives or friends from their side. As they proceeded in their mournful investigation, they found that many had indeed fallen to rise no more, but when the number was compared to the loss the enemy had sustained, the survivors could scarce believe the evidence of the proud victory they had achieved. The superstitious cried, a miracle,—the discerning gave credit, where credit was, in truth, most justly due, and the name of de Carteret, mingled with the cry of "Victory"! As that joyous shout ran far and near, a motley group poured out of the stores,—old men, grey-headed, time-bent, and wrinkled,—women, in the prime and

bloom of youth, yet now rendered unsightly,—their faces, hands, and garments, blackened with powder, their brows crimsoned and bedewed from the effects of over-toil!—boys, yet mere children, with the same proofs of their late deadly employment,—proclaimed to the astonished spectators, that these were the feeble agents who had dealt such destruction amongst the foe; and the name of de Carteret resounded through the plain with a fresh burst of enthusiasm.

The good offices of the brave Islanders, to their dying and dead comrades, were actively carried on till night-fall, by which time all were removed to the monastery,—the wounded, to benefit by the medical skill of the fraternity—the slain, to be consigned to an honourable grave in the adjoining cemetery. Amongst the former list—Sir Phillip, to his great grief, found the Seigneur of Anneville, desperately, and, as he feared, mortally hurt; he was anxiously tended by Jacqueline and Margaret; who,

by their kindness and skill, had on that day lulled many a racking pain, and soothed many an aching heart—and whom, the good knight now pressed to his bosom, with mingled pride and affection. Edward, who conveyed his friend, Julien D'Anneville, to the monastery, had been not less delighted and astonished, than was his father, to see those two sweet, pitying faces, amongst the more hard-featured and calm-looking friars, and *sœurs de charité*, who attended in capacity of doctors.\*

How unspeakable also was *their* joy to behold them restored unhurt, and the bearers of such triumphant news! The revulsion of feeling from doubt and dread, to joy and certainty, is quite as overwhelming, and almost as painful, in the human breast, as the first shock of calamity—and, Jacqueline and Margaret clasped in each others arms, sobbed convulsively

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\* The medical profession at this period could not boast of one single practitioner, in the Island of Jersey, but now, as elsewhere, they superabound.

for some minutes. The danger from which the dear objects of their affection had been so mercifully saved, affecting them more powerfully, from the sad contrast presented by the mutilated appearance of d'Anneville—and it was with deep feelings of piety and gratitude, they obeyed the summons of the vesper bell, and repaired to the chapel, to offer up their thanksgiving to the Almighty protector, who had given victory to the weak, and upheld the cause of the oppressed. Whilst they, with many others, prostrate themselves in the temple of the omniscient Being, who, when a few are gathered together in His name, vouchsafes to be present—we will return to the field of carnage, now wrapt in the stilly silence of death ! And death *was* there, in its most terrible, most ghastly form ! Amongst the hundreds of human beings who lay scattered about, or, where the affray had been hottest,—heaped together,—not one countenance wore the calm, placid look of sleep, which the attendant angel of a departing spirit sheds o'er the feelings and the features of

those, truly blessed among men, “who die in the Lord”—but there were ghastly wounds—features distorted by pain,—by hate,—by revenge! wearing, even in the rigidity of death, the dread impress of unholy passions, which, in life we shudder to contemplate!—Did the appalled souls so lately freed from their unsightly tenements, stand before God in like deformity? Oh! startling thought!—when we look back upon the furious and inhuman slaughter, which under various guises, has saturated with human gore the earth—the sweet flower— and herb-yielding *earth*—with its green pastures, and its shady groves, its fertile bosom and its liquid streams, —all,—benignly brought into existence by a mighty CREATOR, to ensure happiness, peace, and plenty, to the beings, He has, for some wise purpose, seen fit to place on it, for a term known but to himself, and for an end which He has determined, but which we, His creatures, vainly seek to fathom! Oh, may this horrid slaughter of man *by* man, merely to satisfy the



ambition, and gratify the revengeful feelings of the *few*, at the expense of the happiness of the *many*, be henceforth banished from the world, and consigned with loathing, to the memories of the dark ages, whose ignorance, superstition, and tyranny, we now despise—thanks to the march of intellect, and the consequent development of our mental powers—aided by our consciousness of an immortal essence, which forms a portion of our being ever at variance with ourselves, that is, our actions—struggling for mastery and though alas! often *mastered*, still, pointing out the trees of good and evil, and prompting us to turn away from the latter—But, leave we here our digressive musings, to return to the battle plain, tenanted, we have said, but by the dead—such is however, not exactly the case, for though the wounded, even amongst the hated foe, had been sought out and succoured by the humane Islanders, the most suffering conveyed to the monastery, and those who were

able to bear the journey, prisoners to Gros-nez ; there are still two beings, breathing and suffering amongst the senseless mass of slain !—One is enduring acute anguish of mind, scarce surpassed by the anguish of body felt by the other—The former, is the minstrel du Bois, who has seemingly been most active in aiding the Islanders in their truly mournful “ labour of love”—yet, his heart, his eye, sought out but one object ; that object was, Sir Julien de Montessy, and when he at length discovered him, to all appearance dead, he hovered near the spot, like a bird round the tree which contains her cherished nestlings, and which she sees a reckless hand stretched out to seize upon—How gladly did this faithful follower hail the moment, when the Islanders, having completed their task, left him alone with the dead, to bestow unobserved, the aid which his heart yearned to extend to his beloved master, and which he feared would come too late. But no, the life-blood returned to the pallid lips, which made an effort to receive the

cordial held to them ; a feeble pulsation of the heart became apparent ; then, the flesh quivered, as if returning consciousness had brought with it excruciating pain, and du Bois looked up to heaven with an expression of pious gratitude, as he at length, caught the sound of his name, faintly pronounced. The rain had been falling heavily for some time, and judging it best to remove the sufferer as soon as possible, he replaced his head on its former cold pillow,—the breast of a slain brother officer,—and hurried off to the “ Knight and the Dragon.” But a few minutes had elapsed, when du Bois returned with mine host, who, assisted in removing the wounded Knight to the hostelry, where, a comfortable chamber, and kind treatment was insured, by the irresistible argument of a well-filled leathern pouch, and the promise of a second, even better stored, should secrecy be observed: the latter part of the clause seemed, however, in immediate danger of non-fulfilment, for, ere sir Julien could be removed to the upper

chamber prepared for him, footsteps were heard without, and before mine host could interpose, two men entered in evident trepidation, and he exclaimed in astonishment, “ *Sacré bleu !* mine old friend, Roger le Boutillier !”

Roger held up his finger to silence him, and indicated by a nod of his head, his wish to escape the notice of the minstrel, whose back was turned towards him, and whose thoughts were too much engrossed to notice the exclamation, he then glided on into an inner apartment, followed by his companion, whilst mine host, returning to assist du Bois, informed him that the new comers were merely members of his household, whom he had sent off again—the minstrel gave no further heed to the matter, and having with some difficulty, and extreme patience and gentleness, succeeded in getting off his master's war trappings, he placed him on the bed, then dispatched his companion to procure some medicinal herbs from the monastery, charging him not to say for whom they were required. Pre-

vious to fulfilling his errand, the double-faced host, who “ran with the hare, and kept in with the hounds,”—favouring the Lancastrian cause at heart, and manifesting the most lively zeal in that of York,—repaired to the apartment where Roger had sought shelter; great was his curiosity to learn how his old friend and worthless companion in many a disgraceful act of dishonesty or debauchery, had managed to escape from confinement. Roger having satisfied him on this point, by informing him that the turnkey, who was the companion of his flight, having been won over by a bribe, they took advantage of the absence of the usual garrison, fell suddenly upon the sentinel; disarmed him, and by threatening his life, compelled him to raise the drawbridge and lower it when they had passed, binding him by oath, not to avow any knowledge of their escape; they then made their way along the coast, and eluded notice on arriving at St. Helerius, by concealing themselves on the premises of “the Knight and the Dragon,” every

part of which was familiar to Roger, who further added, that all he now wanted of mine host was to learn the watchword for the night, in order to pass the guard unmolested on their way to the Fortress: this information was readily given; the seigneur of Mortville having called at the hostelry for a cup of Burgundy in the early part of the evening, and openly deplored the ill luck that had doomed him and his followers to the duties of the *guét de nuit*, after a hard day's fight,—and, as the pass word was the name of the seigneur on whom the command devolved, there could be no mistake. Roger rubbed his hands and chuckled with glee at having escaped the clutches of “the d—d pig-headed old rebel, de Carteret,” and throwing down a silver coin, bade mine host produce some of his best liquor.

## CHAPTER X.

The time and manner of Roger le Boutillier's escape being, as it may be supposed, involved in complete mystery from the manner in which it was effected, gave rise to much uneasiness in the mind of Sir Phillip de Carteret, and led him to fear that secret treachery still lurked within the castle, or, how account for the sentinel's solemn disavowal of all participation in aiding the flight of the prisoner, an assertion confirmed by oath, but more readily accredited, from the fact of his not having chosen the safer plan of the turnkey, and also escaped when so favour-



able an opportunity of doing so was afforded him. In the midst of these perplexing doubts, Sir Phillip recollected the existence of a subterranean passage, communicating with the dungeons, which opened out to the sea by means of a small postern door, now totally concealed by the brambles which grew in the *fosse*. This passage had been cut by some one of his ancestors, when the island was infested by piratic Normans, evidently for the purpose of effecting an escape to the sea, should the castle be taken, or, in case of an attack, of kindling the beacon on the mound, (at the foot of which it opened out,) with a view of bringing aid from the distant parishes. As the use of this passage was no longer of importance, so had it fallen into oblivion; its existence, or at least its exact position, was unknown to the present generation, save to the Seigneur of St. Ouen, in whose family the key of the postern, with its many dark legends, was an heir-loom; there was also tradition of other and more extensive subterranean

passages conducting to his own manor, which he had never been able to discover,—but return we to our immediate subject; it now flashed across the knight's mind, that Roger le Boutilier might be aware of this passage, and by means of it have gained his freedom. Taking the key from the chest where it had long been left to rust, accompanied by such of the Seigneurs as were inclined to follow — as well as after some little entreaty on their part, by Margaret and Jacqueline, he and Edward led the way down the steep flight of stairs, which conducted to the dungeons. At the extremity of a long dismal corridor, the party descended into the vaults, and after various turnings, at length reached a trap door, most ingeniously contrived, opening on a short flight of narrow irregular steps; they then traversed another low vaulted passage, at the end of which was the postern door,—it was found well secured, locked and bolted, and so long resisted the herculean strength of Sir Phillip to push it open, that it

was quite evident that the fugitives had not passed here. The thicket having been cleared away, the whole party stept out, and climbed the mound, gasping to inhale the fresh sea-breeze,—the ladies, feeling but little inclination to encounter a second time the noisome vapours and intense darkness of the dismal regions they would have been less willing to explore, had they guessed at their extent, or the shuddering gloom, the loathsome reptiles and insects by which they were tenanted, proposed making the circuit of the castle; but Sir Phillip reasoned that the existence of the subterranean was, at present unknown, and that to avoid the comments which were likely to ensue, it was better to return by the same path, loathsome though it was, as, whilst a fear remained on his mind of some secret treachery being at work in the castle, too much precaution could not be taken. Jacqueline and Margaret with cheerful acquiescence again entered the vaults, and Sir Phillip adjusted the brambles as well as he could, to

conceal the aperture, carefully locked and bolted the door, then drawing Margaret's arm within his, to the no small disappointment of Edward, led the way, leaving the latter to guide his cousin Jacqueline. On the nearly suffocated party reissuing into the bayle, Sir Phillip was informed that the sentinel, whom he had on mere suspicion, condemned to solitary confinement, had just made a full confession of the truth to Father Nicholas, the family confessor, on condition of his obtaining a free pardon from his Seigneur. The Knight was too well pleased to arrive at the truth of a mystery which perplexed and annoyed him more than he avowed, not to accede to the conditions agreed to by Father Nicholas. He had been half inclined to do La Blanche the injustice of believing that she had been instrumental in the escape of the detested traitor, Roger, but for what purpose, or with what view, he could not even surmise, as he could not bring his mind to believe she was inimical to him, or the Islanders in general. In

fact, he only grounded his suspicions upon the opinion he entertained since the night on which he had heard the voice, which so startled him and terrified the armourer, that she was acquainted with some other subterranean passage by which she gained entrance into the castle as well as into his manor. These secret passages, he had no doubt, communicated and eventually branched out into some of the many extensive caves found along the shore of the adjoining rocky headland of La Hogue: nor was it a small relief to his mind that his ill-grounded suspicions were so completely dispersed by the confession of the sentinel, for he could not hide from himself, that La Blanche possessed information that could effect his destruction: with a knowledge of these secret and underground passages, how easily could she bring the enemy to his very hearth, at the moment he was least prepared for defence.—and this leads us back to de Brézé, of whom we have for a while lost sight..

Notwithstanding the mortifying defeat which he had experienced, it was rather in the tone of conqueror than conquered, that he, on the following day, demanded that such of his soldiers as had been taken prisoners should be restored, and the bodies of such as had fallen in the field of battle, be given up to receive the rites of military burial,—withal proposing an amnesty of six weeks, to give the Islanders time to reconsider the gracious terms of mercy, and the vast privileges he held out to them.

Sir Phillip replied with suitable hauteur, refusing to yield up his prisoners save in exchange for those de Brézé held in the Fortress of Mount Orguiel, and above all, stipulating, that Roger le Boutillier should be delivered up. To the proposed amnesty, he vouchsafed no other answer than, that wherever, or, in whatever number his followers were surprised, they would be attacked and slain. The *escorceur* was too haughty to yield to any compromise; consequently, both parties retained their prisoners, and frequent skirmishes still took place.

De Brézé was one of those bold determined spirits, whom obstacles only encourage on to greater exertion. Chafed and humiliated by the defeat which he had experienced, he, nevertheless resolved that nothing approaching to intimidation should betray itself in his actions ; he therefore gave the Islanders to understand, that he already considered them as *subjugated*, and in refraining from further hostilities for the present, was only actuated by the wish to gain their allegiance, rather by lenient measures than by the strong arm of war. The Islanders treated his overtures with contempt ; they prided themselves in the laws of their great chief Rolla and the charter granted by King John, and each was ready to lay down his life in defence of their rights and liberties.

It must have been a curious thing to see two opposing rulers and governments springing up in a territory, so limited as to be with ease traversed in a day ! The Islanders, as we have



already said, invested sir Phillip de Carteret with the legislative and judicial functions which had become void, though the bailli after his most fortunate escape, was reinstated in his high office by him,—De Brézé, assuming authority and power, nominated Roger le Boutillier bailli, and instituted twenty-three ordinances, which he caused to be proclaimed and registered in the name of “Sir Pierre de Brézé, Comte de Maulevrier, lord of the Islands of Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, and other adjoining Isles, Counsellor and Chamberlain of our gracious Sovereign the King of France,” we give the three concluding ordinances as specimens of the whole.\*

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#### ORDINANCE I.

“For debts to my Lord, obligations entered into, disobedience to his laws, &c , &c. &c. a man is liable to be seized by the Viscomte, or the Viscomte's deputy, and brought prisoner to the castle without writs to that effect.”

#### ORDINANCE II.

“That the rights of the Bailli and Jurats shall be main-

And now let us turn for relief from scenes of strife, to those of a more social and domestic nature, for, save the vessels riding proudly at anchor off Gory Bay, and those stationed at the two other harbours, it was seldom any hostile sound or sight reminded the Islanders that their beautiful little territory had fallen into the hands of the lawless de Brézé,—they might have fan-

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tained according to the 'Livre de L'Etente, that they shall hold jurisdiction in civil cases which may arise between our men at arms in the castle, and the inhabitants of our said Island; and that proceedings entered into by the latter against our men at arms, shall be heard before us, and vice-versa, in cases, where our men at arms be the accusers, they shall be heard before the Bailli and Jurats of our said Island; excepting always, in cases of Leze-majesté, the cognizance and punishment of which the captain in chief retains in his own hands."

### ORDINANCE III.

"Appeal may be made at the sitting of a 'Cour Supérieure' against any sentence of the Bailli or Jurats."

The conclusion ran thus, as far as we were able to decipher the old and somewhat puzzling French, in which the whole was written,—

cie'd it all a dream, but for the redundance of population in the western parishes, and the bustle which still pervaded the town, attendant on the removal of families from one house to another, where more accommodation was needed or promised. The office of billeting the houseless on those whose dwellings were not in the immediate neighbourhood of danger, had been

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“ These ordinances give we for the guidance of those who be about to assist at our first and approaching assizes—to the Bailli, Viscomte, Jurats, and other officers of our said Island, to such as at present hold those offices, or whom we may hereafter appoint to hold them, to them or their deputies, to all and each of whom we do enjoin that they preserve and maintain these our present will and ordinances, and cause to be kept and maintained, without infringement of any sort.

‘Given at our Castle of Mont Orgueil, the 10th day of February, in the Year of Grace, 1461. Ecrit sur la quene, by Monseigneur Le Capitaine en Chef, Lord of the Islands.

“Signed, N. MANGER.

Sealed in red wax, with the great seal of the Captain, and counter-sealed with his private seal.”

consigned to the douzaniers, and so clearly had de Carteret given his instructions, and so wisely laid down his rules, that an undertaking which at first promised no little difficulty and confusion, was effected both with celerity and good will, consequently, a feeling of security began to establish itself amongst the Islanders, and more particularly in Sir Phillip's household. The ladies, if they did not fall exactly into their wonted habits and amusements, nevertheless entered upon a quiet routine of feminine occupations, which dispelled the ennui their first removal to Gros-nez Castle had threatened. The lute and the embroidery frame were again brought into use, and the minstrel *dú Bois* occasionally relieved the dull hours with his minstrelsy. Their circle was also enlarged, though not enlivened, by dame *Melèche* and her daughters,—the *bailli* had rejoined his wife at the house of a relative in a remote western parish, where, fortunately for her, she chanced to be on a visit on the night of the invasion. The

wounded seigneur of Anneville, who had been removed to the castle on a litter, seemingly in a dying state, and the sickly little Jean Marie, were still claimants on their attention and sympathy ; the former, thanks to the fair damsels' skilful treatment, for both of them boasted some knowledge in medicine, was now convalescent, and enabled to join their coterie, to which his presence imparted a life and a charm, felt and acknowledged even by the obtuse dame Melèche and her awkward daughters.—The young seigneur had received an university education, and could boast of a store of erudition which might be considered respectable even in our enlightened days, but which was then looked upon as something positively wonderful. With a brilliancy of imagination — a fervidness of spirit, and a felicity of expression which rendered his society fascinating to a degree, he nevertheless felt that he stood alone upon earth ; there was a void, a vacuum, in his heart, which nothing could fill,—he seemed as it were to stand

apart from the little community amongst whom he had pitched his tent. At best he was but ill understood by them ! Though he made no parade of his learning, thoughts big and mighty would at times embody themselves in words, and burst forth with a torrent of eloquence that called for wonder and admiration, though his subject could not be moulded into a form sufficiently simple to suit their uncultivated capacities. By Sir Phillip de Carteret and his son, d'Anneville was thoroughly beloved, but his wisdom was even by them, oftener laughed at as madness than treated with the respect it deserved. Nature is seldom so prodigal of her gifts, as to lavish her whole store on one favoured individual ; yet, thus munificent had she been to Julien d'Anneville ! With great personal advantages and rare mental acquirements, she had also endowed this her favoured son with a nobility of soul, a high tone of chivalrous feeling, and an integrity of mind, that neither time nor circumstances could quench ; and

most powerfully were these qualities called into play during his present sojourn at Gros-nez Castle. From the first moment he beheld Margaret Harleston, he loved her with the devotion, the enthusiasm of a heart which has long been void, and long sought for communion with a kindred one. To a mind so constituted as his, "secrecy was in very truth, the soul of love," thus, even the object of his heart's idolatry remained ignorant of his passion,—yet his secret was partly wrung from him,—once, and once only, he was startled by the dread of finding a rival in his friend Edward! He pursued what he deemed the wisest course, and unburthened his mind to Sir Phillip. His fears were instantly set at rest, for the good knight had, by some strange infatuation, perhaps from no better reason than that he wished it should be so, persuaded himself that Edward was attached to his cousin Jacqueline, and he scrupled not to speak of their union as a settled thing. Thus reassured, d'Anneville resigned his whole soul to a pas-



sion which seemed, as it were, to awaken him to a new and a delicious state of being. Unexpected and paralysing, therefore was the blow, when, lured into the belief of a reciprocity of feeling, by the undisguised delight with which Margaret, in her eager thirst for knowledge, listened to his discourse, he avowed his sentiments, and was told by the ingenuous girl, that she had that very morn plighted her faith where her heart had long been bestowed. The first bitter shock to his feelings once surmounted, d'Anneville "was himself again;" Edward had been his bosom friend from childhood, and save in this instance, they had never concealed a thought from each other; yet d'Anneville blamed but his own want of penetration and candour,—no petty jealousy, no mean feeling of envy or dislike took possession of his noble mind; he inwardly vowed a sincere and undying friendship to Edward and the lovely Margaret, and the events of after years proved that he was capable of religiously observing that vow.

## CHAPTER XI.

“Well, well, I am at any rate glad to see thee look so cheerful, boy!” resumed Sir Phillip, as he and his son entered the vacant sitting apartment at Gros-nez Castle, after having rode together from St. Helerius at the head of their followers. Edward had eagerly seized this moment of leisure for communicating what had that morning transpired between him and Margaret. “Come, sit thee there,” he continued, pointing to a seat on the opposite side of the hearth, “and let me hear a little more about this matter! By God’s blessed Lady, thou hast

stolen a march upon me, or, at least, hast gone fairly athwart the plans I had laid down for thee ! I had always pleased myself with the thought of seeing thine and thy cousin's goodly lands united, they lie so convenient for such a project,—then she is such a noble wench, too, and hath right noble blood in her veins ! I hope thou didst not act thoughtlessly or unkindly by my noble Jacqueline ?”

“Heaven forfend, my dear father ! I did not think you could have judged so hardly by me, the saints be my witness that my heart and thoughts have never bowed but to one idol, and that one is, ye will allow, far above my poor deserts ! Nor is my devotion the mere offspring of a day, it hath been gradually nurtured since I first beheld her two years ago, when I accompanied mine uncle Wallis, and Jacqueline to England.”

“I'm right glad it hath such good foundation, the better thy chance of rearing a substantial edifice on it !” rejoined the knight, who was too

generous to raise any obstacles to his son's wishes in a matter of such vital importance to his happiness; "and though I have long fixed my heart on having my affectionate Jacqueline for a daughter, I do not the less approve and value thy choice! She is a fair sunny flower, this Margaret of thine, perhaps less solid, but more feminine and fascinating than even the lofty Jacqueline; so, that sith thou hast not acted unadvisedly or hastily in this matter, I have no fault to find! But will the old commodore give his consent, must next be weighed? for by my halidom, boy, unless we can rid ourselves soon of these vile escorceurs, thou wilt be a portionless wight! If the French become our masters, we may expect a thundering act of attainder and confiscation, and may think ourselves happy to escape with our heads upon our shoulders. With their present crippled force I fear them not, but God wot, I know not what may be our fate if they get aid from King Louis, and he be, or I misjudge him, too wily to

overlook the advantages over England the suzerainty of these Isles would give him, so that though he be striving to limit rather than add to the over grown power of his vassals, and check their violent acts of authority, yet, still, I doubt not, he would, for his own good purpose, be disposed to look with a lenient eye on De Brézé's treacherous usurpation. If we could send a deputation to England to implore succour all might yet be well; but this the cunning devils have taken right good measures to prevent,—so we must even put our trust in the Lord, and keep a stout heart within us! Come what will, however, I have resolved to be cooped up here no longer, like so many magpies in a cage. We have positively not got room to swing a cat in these round-about chambers; so, on the first day of the week, we will, with the blessing of the Saints, go back to our manor. I have already made arrangements for the reception of the present tenants elsewhere, but if any prefer to remain our

guests they be right welcome, so that they but leave room for us. What sayest thou boy ?”

“That your pleasure is mine!” answered Edward abstractedly; he was at that moment thinking of Margaret and love, rather than de Brézé and strife.

“Nay boy, thou hast proved thyself so brave a soldier and so able an adviser, that thou needst have no scruple to set up thy opinion with the best of us, so I prithee speak thy mind, if thou hast ought to object to in this removal—had I taken thy advice before—pshaw! where’s the use of referring to it now? I verily think I should do the same again rather than suffer myself to be guided by the mysterious trickery of that old——but I wont malign her either, for the sake of thy poor dear mother! God rest her soul! she was strangely possessed in her favour, and with her dying breath, entreated my protection for her. Thou hast perhaps heard some odd, random guesses about this Blanche Vêtue and thy dear mother’s favor towards her?”

continued the Knight, noticing the intense interest with which Edward now listened to him, "So I will tell thee all I know, but thou must keep her secret.

"This poor crack-brained old creature belongeth to an ancient family, but to a race of heretics, and with her own eyes she beheld father, mother, brother, and two little sisters burnt at the stake in France, and with such accompaniments of horror as would make thy flesh creep to hear. She escaped with two of her brothers, because they *then* professed the Catholic faith, which she hath 'tis said, since abjured. Hunted out of England, where she had taken refuge with some other Wickliffites, she came to our Isle with a letter of recommendation from a dear friend of thy mothers', who hath since been forced to fly her country, accused of heresy. Her two brothers, 'tis guessed, turned pirates on the high seas, and were drowned. As to La Blanche, she hath been now full twenty years amongst us. Men



do say she hath given up her mind to dark and evil studies. God only knoweth whether she be mad or possessed—it behoveth not now to enquire! Be she heretic, or be she magician, my arm shall protect her for the sake of my promise to one, who in life loved me well,—God rest her soul!” The Knight reverently made the sign of the cross, and Edward respected the silence which followed, too deeply to ask other questions. It was however, soon broken in upon—the well known note sounded on the horn by Petit Jean, brought each member of the household into the apartment; d’Anneville alone was absent, he had that day ventured abroad for the first time.

The Knight was of too cheerful a temperament for sad reflections to meet with much encouragement from him, and having partaken of his evening meal with his usual gusto, and amused himself with sundry little jokes, which were understood by none save Edward and Margaret, and which often brought a crimson

glow to the cheeks of the latter, he called upon the minstrel to take his harp.

Du Bois obeyed, but not with his wonted alacrity, indeed it had been remarked by all, that the minstrel had of late grown melancholy and captious, but as he pleaded illness, the matter awakened no further conjectures. Having sounded a few preliminary chords on his instrument, and premised that the Legend he was about to recite was not only a veritable one, but that the incidents had taken place in Jersey, or one of the sister Isles, he began the following recitative, in a clear manly voice.

### The Legend.



There came once to the Court of France,  
A Fairy from a sea-girt Isle,  
Love lurked in every witching glance,  
And Heaven spoke in every smile.

This Fairy no one could behold,  
And yet escape her beauty's thrall,  
Tho' she was like to Iceland cold,  
And turned deaf ear to suitors all :

Till Julien came, a knightly youth,  
The pride of France's chivalry,  
With breast of hero, heart of truth,  
And courage garbed with modesty.

No sooner had Sir Julien seen  
This idol of each belted knight,  
Than, all of Cupid's arrows keen,  
From ready bow took instant flight.

Each lodged within his panting heart,  
And, oh ! so deadly proved their aim,  
No leech could heal the cruel smart,  
So, death must soon love's victim claim.

Sir Julien yielded to his fate.  
Yet, 'twas with many a deep-drawn sigh ;  
Hope to forsake him is so late,  
Man's seldom ready for to die !

One eve, by hopeless grief beset,  
He stretched him 'neath a shady tree,  
Where, sleep entwined him with a net  
Of dreamy, blissful imag'ry.

A dove, with plumage white and soft,  
Perched lightly on his moaning breast,  
And, holding o'er his head aloft  
A myrtle wreath, him thus addressed :—

“ A messenger, Sir Knight, am I,  
“ With token from thy lady love,  
“ Her heart has treasured up each sigh,  
“ Nor longer scornful will she prove.”

Sir Julien started from his dream,  
Joy throbbed in every burning vein,  
So like to truth it all did seem,  
He wished he ne'er had waked again,

Till, from his head fell to the ground  
A wreath, with rose and myrtle twined.  
Sweet hope revived—he gazed around,  
But, 'twas drear solitude to find.

What matter? 'twas an omen, sure,  
Which tokened him of future weal!—  
That very day he kneeled before  
The maid who could his deep wounds heal!

When joy; oh joy! she smiled upon.  
The tale of truth he trembling told;  
Scorn from her dazzling eye was gone,  
For *mortal* was that *Fairy* cold!

Sir Julien now most envied was  
Of many a knightly sire and son,  
And truly did he give them cause,  
So bright a prize ne'er mortal won!

But ah! alack! most true it be  
Love hath some cruel envious foe,  
Who cannot his sweet pleasures see,  
Without there mingling drops of woe.

This beauteous maid, a sire she had,  
Brave, but too fond of worldly pelf,  
To give consent, at first though glad,  
He changed with Julien's changing wealth,

Of all his broad and goodly lands  
Which Julien held in Normandie,  
All fell into King Louis' hands,  
Claimed for his sire's disloyalty.

But she, the queen of his true heart,  
Spoke to him yet more tenderly ;  
“ Cheer up, Sir Julien, for my part,  
“ 'Tis not thy wealth I love in thee.”

“ 'Tis not thy wealth in lands I love,  
“ But the pure wealth of thy true soul,  
“ The wealth which hath its source above,  
“ And o'er which Fate holds no controul.”

Far other were the words of greet,  
With which her SIRE in pride reviled,  
“ A beggar was no bridegroom meet  
For his most fair—most queenly child !”

From that sad day Sir Julien saw  
His own loved Madeline no more,  
For, vain were his attempts to thaw  
The surly porter at her door.

And soon he heard t'her distant Isle,  
The maid had winged her cruel flight,  
Nor, token left him to beguile  
The gloom o'his hopes eternal night.

And then there came a rumour wild,  
That, no longer her heart was true :  
That, of earth but a fickle child,  
She'd changed her old love for a new !

Reckless, I ween, Julien became,  
What was life, or its hopes to him ?  
He could no more the jewel claim,  
More prized than regal diadem.

Impelled by fate, he crossed the sea  
And landed on a rock-girt shore,  
Of hardy warriors one formed he  
Who came in quest of wealth and power.

Nor wealth nor power do him allure  
To the land of his heart's sole queen ;  
Suspense in love none can endure —  
He came to seek his *Madeline* !



But ah ! with chilliness of heart  
He learnt the tale was all full true,  
*Mad'line* was false and he must part  
From hopes, whence he existence drew !

He brushed the burning tears away,  
And thus he chid his woman's soul,  
“ A Preu of France should not yield sway  
“ To grief, pride bids him to control ! ”

“ Away, away the dastard thought ! ”  
And to the fight, on on he spurs,  
His every blow with death is fraught,  
Yet, love alone his fury stirs !

Oh, might he but his rival meet  
On that ensanguined battle plain !  
“ Revenge, revenge ! ” the word was sweet,  
He breathed once more, he lived again :

From rank to rank he wildly flew,  
And on his rival called by name,  
A youth near him, his steed in drew  
And said “ Sir Knight, your will proclaim ! ”

“ And thou, sir stripling, art thou he  
To whom false *Mad'line* plighted vow ?—  
Draw thy young sword and we shall see  
Who best can play the conqueror now ! ”

‘ Forbear, forbear ! ’ a sweet voice cried,  
“ The fault I vow is only mine  
“ Julien forbear, thou shalt decide  
“ Who best deserves this rage of thine ”

Sir Julien turned ; his dark eye fell  
On *Madeline*, like one enslaved  
His rival—was he loved so well  
That she with him war's dangers braved !

That single thought had pow'r to quell  
The demon raging in his breast ;  
Alas ! poor Julien loved too well  
The fair one false, he thus addressed :

“ The fault thou say'st is only thine  
“ Then, *Mad'line* thou hast me forgot ?—  
“ Yet see, for thee I can resign  
“ The hope that cheered, my darksome lot.”

“ For thee, I can revenge forego,  
“ For thee, bid each dark passion cease,  
“ And inward turn the destined blow  
“ That would have robbed thy heart of peace!”

He paused awhile—from his true heart  
Out gushed the purple pouring tide,  
The upraised steel had done its part  
And now lay reeking by his side,

“ *Mad'line* ” he cried, “ weep not for me !  
“ For I, in dying am most blest,  
“ Thy form before mine eyes I see,  
“ My hand by thine is kindly pressed !

“ Oh mayest thou e'er as happy be,  
“ As I had hoped—oh !—fare thee well !  
“ Dark clouds flit past no more I see  
“ Thy face—sweet *Mad'line*—fare thee well !”

As the minstrel concluded, he fixed his eye enquiringly on Jacqueline, but she evaded the scrutiny of his glance, by moving towards the

table, at which her tire woman sat at work, or rather, with it suspended before her. There was nothing to excite attention in the large tears that had rolled down her cheeks, spite of her efforts to check them, for so touching had waxed the tones of the bard, as he warmed in his theme, that the eyes of all present, not even excepting the menials, were moistened; yet, the crimson flush which one moment dyed her brow and neck in the same deep hue, and the next gave place to a mortal palor, evinced a deeper intensity, a more heart-felt sympathy in the narrative than a mere tale of fiction might be expected to excite. The Legend had proved too prolix for the patience of the knight, who, long ere its conclusion, fell into a sound sleep, and by the frequent movements of his head, not unlike those of a Chinese mandarin, often disturbed the solemnity of mein with which the rest of the assembly listened to the romantic tale; the cessation of the monotonous sound of the Bard's recitative, cut short his

slumbers, and the comments on the ballad, which emotion had repressed, were now freely passed.

“Thou didst state thy Legend to be a true one, and happening in our Isle,” remarked Edward, “God wot, it be a most touching tale ! What pity the brave Sir Julian should have so unworthily placed his affections ! his rare self-denial must have touched the lady’s heart, if heart she had ; and yet Master du Bois, with all due praise to thy minstrelsy, I can give none to thy credulity, so dire an event never befel in our Isle, I’ll be sworn, no maiden here could have proved so barbarous. Thou didst speak too, of King Louis, as though the event were of recent date.”

“There have been many Louises of France, before the present one,” answered du Bois, drily, “and no doubt many such tragic adventures have befallen, aye, even now befall in your island, Messire de Carteret, of which ye have no knowledge. However, I ask not you to

accredit my Legend, nor any other, unless he be so disposed."

"That is Master du Bois, if there be any so mad, or foolish, as to put faith in minstrelsy or witchcraft," said Sir Phillip jocosely.

"How! mon Seigneur? you surely would not class the two together, the divine art of poetry hath never been so maligned before."

"Well, well, sith thine art be a divine one, of a surety, it can have no communication with dark ones, so thou shalt anon swallow thy wrath in a goblet of rare Hippocras, sir bard! "Petit Jean," he continued, turning to the major domo, "see that the cups be filled to the brim, we've a toast to give to which all must cry Amen!"

The goblets were speedily replenished, and the jovial Knight, rising from his seat, announced the betrothment of his son and Margaret Harleston, then lifting his capacious silver cup to his lips, he drank to their happiness and prosperity; a merry round of cheering

followed this announcement. Du Bois alone joined not in it, he seemed transfixed with astonishment, he turned his keen eye towards the calm, smiling, face of Jacqueline, a moment more an expression of joy also lighted up his features, and his tardy but hearty shout produced a second burst of gladness from the honest retainers.

END OF VOL. I.











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